TIMES AND LIFE OF THE TURF IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 43.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1832.

SALE OF BLOODED HORSES.

We regret to learn from a Virginia correspondent that our friend, JOHN MINGE, Jr. Esq. of Fairfield, near Richmond, is about to dispose of the entire stud of Racers, Breeders, &c. composing his stable, which has long been considered second to none in the United States. The sale is to take place on the day of the Jockey Club Purse, of the Fairfield Fall Meeting, (Oct 19th,—the races commence on the 3d Tuesday.) Many of the horses comprising this valuable stud, are known to most of our sporting friends, and rank among the most celebrated for beauty, speed and bottom in Virginia.

In carelessly running our eye over the list of "game 'uns," we find the Merino Ewe, the dam of the distinguished Gohanna, (for which $15,000 have been offered,) and all her progeny, consisting of four colts,—one by Arab, two by Medley, and one by Timoleon, in addition to a number of brood mares of the most approved blood. Mr. Minge also offers for sale his whole stable of horses now in training, and "stallions by the dozen or single."

We would advise our sporting friends to "be on the tapis," as they may not again have an opportunity of purchasing from such a bevy of "bits o' blood;" the terms we understand, will be six and nine months credit for approved paper; the whole are to be disposed of without reserve.

"DOING" THE MUSQUITOES.

Mr. Cunningham, in his "Letters from New South Wales," says:—"The South Sea Islanders clear their cabins of musquitoes at night in a very simple way. They dim the light of their lamps by holding a calabash over it, and walk two or three times slowly round the room with it in their hand. The musquitoes collect quickly about the light, when the bearer thereof slips gently out of doors, puffs out the lamp, and jufhps back into the apartment, shutting quickly the door after him, and leaving thus all the troublesome guests on *the outside*."

The Editor of the Commercial, Col. Stone, says, "the Editor of the Salem Gazette, in which paper we find the foregoing paragraph, has tried the virtue of the plan above mentioned, and given a certificate of its efficacy. The people in the lower part of this goodly town, on the West side are at present dreadfully annoyed by these insects, who come over from the Jersey swamps, long-legged, hungry, thirsty, and ferocious, to suck the blood of good men, women and children. It is very well that these vampires are individually too furious to admit of any concert of action. If they pulled together it is even possible that they might carry off small children."

A CHANCE FOR COL. WILDFIRE.

We gather from the foreign journals, says the Boston Galaxy, that the good people of London have been thrown into no little astonishment by an advertisement which has recently appeared in their morning papers "for a gentleman to fight a duel with." The following solution is given of it:—

It appears that a person connected with the Box-book department of the King's Theatre was in the Fit with his sister, and that, for some fancied rudeness to his sister he gave a violent blow on the face to the advertiser, who demanded his aggressor's card, at the same time giving his own. The person who received the blow (he is said to be a nobleman) lost the card of his antagonist, and inserted the advertisement which has caused so great a stir. The Box-book gentleman, who was in a great fright for three days, imagined from not having seen the advertisement, that the card-giver, was shewing the white-feather, and in the joy of his escape, related the adventure to a friend, with many encomiums on his own bravery, and male-fictions on the cowardice of the other party. This ill-timed boast brought the whole affair to light; but we have not heard whether the horse-whip or the pistol is to be his lot.

DR. BIRD'S ORALLOOSA.

The Evening Post last week, gave a full account of the Tragedy of this name, by Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia, and which is now being brought out by Mr. FORREST, for whom it is written, at the Arch street Theatre in that city. We have reason to believe, relying on the judgment and excellent good taste of Mr Leggett, that "Oralloosa," will be one of the most interesting dramas that have been produced for a long time, though perhaps not superior to Metamora or The Gladiator.

The Post in noticing the play at length, thus concludes:—

"As for Oralloosa, the hero of the piece, we look upon that character as a grand creation of poetry. The idea on which the whole play turns; his voluntary abandonment of imperial station and, a greater sacrifice, of successful war, that by undergoing a long and painful servitude among his enemies, he might possess himself of those arts, a knowledge of which would give perpetual security to his country, is one of the noblest which could enter into the mind of man. When this finely conceived and finely written part comes to be embodied before an audience in the admirable personation of Forrest, we shall be mistaken indeed if it is not received with the most enthusiastic applause. For our own part, we beg leave, in conclusion, to tender to Mr. Forrest our sincere thanks for the pleasure which a perusal of Oralloosa has afforded us—we thank him for having called into exercise such a mind as Dr Bird's—we thank him for having added to the permanent literature of our country a tragedy which, whether for the deep historic interest of the fable, the ingenuity of its dramatic construction, the fine bursts of passionate feeling and the sweet touches of poetry with which it abounds, or the general nobleness of the sentiments, and of the great moral lessons it inculcates, has few superiors in the whole range of the English drama."

SHARK.—One of the largest Guinea Sharks ever taken in our harbor, being nearly 15 feet in length, was yesterday caught at the Quarantine ground.—*Charleston Mercury.*

THE CALMUCK TARTARS.—Calmuck women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Clarke's Travels.*

It was very correctly said by a youth to a young heiress, whom he courted for her acres, "I love the very ground you walk upon."

SPORT.—The Philadelphia Saturday Courier invites the attention of those fond of gunning, to a place in that vicinity where there are plenty of pigeons, ROBINS, &c. We beg leave to ask the editor of the Courier if he would be guilty of shooting a *robin?* If so, we set him down for the man we did not take him to be. Mischievous birds give us some excuse, but to shoot the innocent little redbreast, heaven's sweetest warbler, which never injured any one—oh it's *inhuman!* and he who would do it, deserves himself to be shot—with *fine salt.*—*Middlesex Telegraph.*

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, bawled out very lustily, "what are you about there you rascals?" "*About going,*" said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double quick time.

At the breaking up of a dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling on the first landing place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first seemed dead drunk. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below."

At a late session of the Court of Common Pleas at Taunton, a man was fined $50, and costs, for selling lottery tickets. A man was fined $1 for mowing on a Sunday, and another for not having a sign as an innholder.

Lorenzo Dow has published a book, entitled "The Chain of Reason, consisting of six links, two hooks and one swivel."

The story of the man aged 94, and his son, aged 70, who lately applied for Pensions, in Chenango Co. this state, puts us in mind of that of a man of 75, who was found crying at the step of a door. Upon inquiring the cause of his grief, it was found that his *father* had been *flogging* [illegible] *grandfather.*

MRS. TROLLOPE has not yet done with us. The old lady cannot soon forget the ill success her scheme of a bazaar met with; and she is determined to have ample satisfaction for her disappointment. The Literary Gazette announces the appearance of "The Refugee in America, a novel, by Mrs. Trollope," in which we Yankees are handled without gloves.

The Illinois Magazine will hereafter be issued from Cincinnati, Ohio, under the title of the Western Magazine: and will continue under the editorial guidance of James Hall, Esq. favorably known throughout the country as a writer of taste and education.

SPIRITED REPLY.—A poor fellow rescued half drowned, from a river, was asked to take some spirits and water. "No, I thank you," replied he, "I have had water enough already, I'll take the spirits alone."

TOWNSEND, THE POLICE-OFFICER.

Although we are not quite prepared to say that the death of Townsend, like that of Garrick, has "eclipsed the gaiety of *all* nations," yet certainly, it has materially darkened the gaiety of *this.* Mr. Townsend has been, for the last century, the principal feature of England's festivities. The galas of the court, the entertainments of the chief *Nobiesse*, the halls of the great and wealthy, though thronged by myriads of rank and fashion, were generally honored with the presence of this singular character—indeed, they were looked upon as incomplete in his absence. This is to be accounted for by the countenances which early in life Mr. Townsend received from the Royal family, especially from the two last of our Kings.—Townsend was as familiar with Geo III and Geo. IV. as if he had been a relative—that is, whenever they chose to be familiar at all. The King's intention of visiting any places of amusement, was generally communicated by a wink of Townsend's eye, and a touch of Townsend's nose, at least three days before Mr. Mash, or any of the "Jacks in office," came officially to announce it; and his mere hint to many a nobleman of "We're coming to dine next week," has set the chimnies of Grosvenor, St. James's, Berkley, Portman, Cavendish, and other ar stocratic squares in full smoke until the day of festivity arrived—His late Majesty seldom moved without Townsend for his body guard; and he was so pleased with his blunt humor, and his knowledge of human life, that he invariably preferred his conversation to that of the title i who surrounded him. He many years back used to relate, as a standing joke, a personal remark of Townsend's on old Bernie, whose coarse manners were the subject of conversation: "Aye," said Jack to the King, you put him on the peace establishment: but I'll be d——d if he was on the *civil list.*" Townsend's association and grown to such a pitch, that any inquiries after a member of the Royal Family were always answered by him in the plural number and invariably in the conjunctive mood. "How's the King, Townsend?" "Why, thank God Almighty, we're pretty well!" "How's the Duke of Sussex?" "Why, he's out of our books at present, and I don't care a d—n *how he is.*" But the most singular instance of familiarity with that most aristocratic King of Kings, George IV that ever occurred, was in the cause of Townsend accompanying his Majesty, in the year 1821, to the Opera House, where the King went in private. It was during the excitement about Caroline of Brunswick. On the evening in question, the Queen was in the Theatre, and as Townsend had gone up stairs first of all, to marshall the royal way, he came down in a moment after, half a dozen steps at a time, and giving to his Majesty a wink, not to be understood, exclaimed, "It wont do, Ma'am, here!"

WITTY REPARTEE.—A Frenchman once trading in the market, was interrupted by an impertinent would-be waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking English. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied: "Mine fine friend, you vud do vell to stop now; for if Sampson had made no better use of de jaw bone of an *Ass* dan you do he vud never have killed so many Philistines."

A motion was once made during the great rebellion, that such as were chosen to serve in parliamentary troops should be faithful and skilful riders. Mr. Waller said "he much approved the motion, for," added he, "*it is most necessary* that the riders be faithful, *lest they run away with the horses.*—and Skinner, *lest their horses run away with them.*"—New Monthly.

THEATRES.

For some reason or other the management of Theatres seems not to be as good property in these latter days as heretofore. Our own Theatre to be sure has no cause of complaint, although we are not a play-going people; but such exertions as have been made during the present season by those concerned in its direction, have been seldom witnessed here before, and could scarcely fail of being rewarded. The case is different however in England, as we gather from foreign papers.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Mr. Monk Mason's losses at the King's Theatre are said by those who are likely to be well acquainted with the matter, to be upwards of £11,000. Mr. Morris, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, computes his losses already, for the portion of the season that has elapsed, at £1400. Mr. Arnold's losses at the Olympic, up to Saturday last, were £150 per week. All the Minor Theatres, with the exception, perhaps of two, have also had losses. Laporte, with his French plays, has netted about £1800, but even this is going off; on Thursday the receipts could hardly have been 100£. By Paganini, Laporte has gained nothing, as the Signor took much more than the lion's share.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barley-mount Cross, in which he sold whiskey—from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale and provisions. One evening a number of friends returning from a funeral—all neighbors too—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there: Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a preacher of intellect in him, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out, so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whiskey and ale began to flow. After due observation and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlor below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire.

* * * * * * * * *

Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; d—n him—but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers some where or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some griskins forthwith. Paddy was completely nonplussed: all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—"Twas late—twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house—sure they ate and drank enough." But all in vain—the ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlor, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Agrah, Jillen, what will we do with these? Is there no meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was your's, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it."

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there an't a bit in the tub—Oh the murtherin villains! That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure Andy would kill me if we dont make it out any how; and he has'nt a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming, coming; d'ye h'ar them?"

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the guager."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God, here's Andy getting up. We must do something. Thonom an dhiaoul, I have it. Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. * * Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em, too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The *meat* at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By ——," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that."

If the tripes had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well, says Owen Connor, "that I might'n't but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very ould."

"By ——," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour. "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man! I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they had'nt a bull bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's Bull you got 'em?—They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you Tim, where I got them—twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—Asha churp nau hagusich.—[May it never come out of his body.]

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shannon's great cow! near the steeple I suppose; the great cow that could'nt walk with tallow.—By —— these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy give me two or three jibbers more of 'em."

"We'l, see that! out of Lord Shannon's cow. I wonder what they give her Paddy. That I might eat!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. And how they're good for the teeth. Paddy what's the reason they send all the good meat from Cork to the Blacks."

But before Paddy could answer this question Andy, who had been endeavoring to help Tim utterat aloud, "Thonom an dhiaoul! what's this? Isn't this danced!" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining under Paddy, in his hurry had not removed; and was in confusion. Every eye was now turned to Paddy; but with wonder full quickness he said, "I stole the book tripe, agrad, don't you see!" and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I did'nt think that 'twas a piece of leather breeches when I saw Andy chewing it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self possession was nearly all lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves.

* * * *

But Tim Cahill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how." What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such made in my life; and I would be good for every poor man in the county of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him.—His eyes were rivited on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "Kirhappa, dar dhia!" [A button by ——.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all; and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm poisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake, Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? D—n your bloods won't you catch him, and I poisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however was not confined to Andy.—As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillen, but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there—but the latter was completely on [illegible] by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Foreign and Domestic.

SPITFIRE'S ADVENTURE.

I suppose, Mr. Editor, you concur in the generally received opinion, that *horse-jockies* are rogues *par excellence*, and Yankees rogues from instinct. Now, sir, I am a Yankee horse-jockey, and if the opinion before mentioned is correct, you will allow that I am a fair match for old Scotic himself.

Some dozen or fifteen years since, when horse-racing and trotting-matches were not prohibited in Massachusetts, I owned a little Narragansett mare, that knew more than my wife and son Tom together. She had the spirits of thunder and lightning, but no beauty to speak of. When I first bought her, ropes would'nt hold her, nor fences keep her within bounds. I tried gentle usage and good feeding, but she grew ferocious and poor. I tried flogging and starving, but she remained amiable and gained flesh. In short, she was one of the devil's beauties, and I let her have her own way; and she soon deserved greater honor than a Roman Consulship. About the time the mare and I came to a good understanding, there was to be a purse race on the Roxbury course, and I thought I might just as well make a few dollars as not. So I put Spitfire into the old horse-cart, threw in a few notions, and such other things as were necessary, and started for Boston. I sold out right well, and with a pocket-book sufficiently lined, went on to the race-ground.

Spitfire knew well enough what was going on, so she shammed lame, and looked as though she did'nt know oats from hay.

"Gentlemen," says I, giving Spitfire a cut to get her into a trot, "you've had some good running here."

Not a word was said in reply, but they all looked at my little nag, as who would say, "old daddy you've no business here."

"Says I, "you needn't turn up your nose at Dobbin. She can run like every thing, I tell ye. If you want to lay a small sum, I'm ready for you."

"We don't put our blood horses against such a *thing* as that for nothing. If you have a hundred dollars to lose, down with it, or else get out of the way."

"Hundred dollars," cried I, "that's a great deal of money. But I've got a little of my own, and some that belongs to one of my neighbors, so I don't care if I try."

Seeing that I was in earnest, they took out the money—I did the same, and it was deposited with the umpires.

"Who is to ride your skeleton?" said one buck with a sneer.

"I guess I shall ride her myself. I does all Dobbin's mounting."

So I drove a little one side—untackled Spitfire—took off a heavy pair of shoes that I had fitted for the occasion—opened a box in the hind-cart, and put an elegant saddle and bridle on Spitfire—pulled off my frock and trowsers, and appeared on the ground in a pair of buckskin tights, and a jockey-cap and jacket.

"Gentlemen," said I, speaking in a different tone, "I rather think I am ready for you now."

They looked a little astonished, but there was no alternative, and after some humming and hawing, we started. The race was for one heat of a mile only. The horse that I ran against was a noble looking creature—long neck, slender legs, well opened nostrils, and an eye like an antelope, but he was no match for Spitfire. I gave her the reins—perfectly content to risk the hundred dollars on her management. She ran forty or fifty rods just to try the speed of her antagonist, and then checked herself, and suffered the horse to come up and go a few rods past—then thinking, apparently, that she had no time for further trifling, off she started, and soon passed the horse, coming in thirty yards ahead.

Pocketing the two hundred dollars very coolly, I marched up to my gentleman jockies—"Take one word of advice from a man who is from as far down east as the best of you—never bet hereafter unless you know your man.

As I walked Spitfire off the ground, I heard one of my friends mutter, *"A diavle bite, by——"*

ABRAHAM DOOLITTLE.
Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

INGENUITY OF A BEAR.—In January, 1828, a party of hunters from Warwick, in the state of New York, after a search of eight days, discovered a large bear taking shelter in a fissure or cave in a declivity of the rocks of Warwick mountains, about forty feet deep. Attempts were first made to get him out by smoking, &c. but without effect. Dogs were then sent into the hole, but they either retreated at his terrific aspect, or were destroyed by his grasp. At length the huntsmen finding all attempts to frighten him from his retreat fruitless, blew up the rock over the hole, and came within about sixteen feet of the bear. These continued operations made him fierce and terrible. After the hole blown through the rock was sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, one John Ward crept into it, placed lighted candles fixed upon the end of a pole towards the bear, and with a musket shot at him, but without effect. He descended the second time, and shot him in the fore legs; the bear at each fire advanced towards the mouth of the hole, but Ward was not to be intimidated; he descended again, and shot the ferocious beast in one eye. Ward was now drawn out, the bear fiercely following him; he instantly seized a rifle from the hands of another huntsman, and discharged the contents into the head of the animal, which proved fatal. He measured six feet from the nose to the end of the tail, and weighed three hundred and thirteen pounds.

"AN ODD FISH."—We find the subjoined complimentary caption to the interesting "item" from the Quebec Mercury, in the Montreal Gazette of Sept. 26th:—

The following "singular circumstance," from the Quebec Mercury, will afford an "item" for the columns of that excellent paper, the *New-York Spirit of the Times:*

"An officer of this garrison, fishing lately on the river St. Charles, hooked a salmon, and after holding it for some time, succeeded in bringing it to the shore, and was about to take the hook from its mouth, when the fish by a sudden struggle broke the hook at the shank and escaped. An officer of the same regiment, fishing in the same spot a few days afterwards, hooked the same salmon, and succeeded in taking him, with the barbed point of the hook and a part of the artificial fly sticking in his nose."

A WHALE ASHORE.—On Friday last, a whale of the grampus species, was driven ashore on Fairfield beach, about three miles from Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was about twenty-four [illegible] from shore when discovered, at two from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, when he expired after an hour's terrific struggling. Six yokes of oxen were required to draw him a few feet from low water mark, and fifteen men were scarcely able to turn him half way over. He was first discovered by a person who was gunning in the neighborhood, when he was in full vigor, and made a splashing in the shallow water, that almost equalled the roar of a cataract. Thousands flocked from all quarters to see the self-imprisoned monster.

SPORTSMEN BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.—Mr. Sampson M'Farlane, of Carver, in shooting nine times, recently, has killed 629 wild pigeons. The smallest shot he made was 50, the largest 99.—*Plymouth Mass. Memorial.*

EXTRAORDINARY CHASE.

Many years since, a stag was hunted from Whinfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except two fox-hounds bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park whence he had been driven, and as his last effort, leaped the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, laid down, and almost instantly expired. The other hound was found dead about half a mile from the park. The length of this chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Red-kirk near Annan, Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took, could not make the distance run less than one hundred and twenty miles.

LEAPING TREASON.—King William the Third was passionately fond of the chase, and made it a point never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took advantage of this to plan the most pardonable design that was ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck and thereby relieved the king from further hazard.

ASTONISHING A TIGER.—A good mode of astonishing a tiger (says Mr. M'Leod, in his account of Dahomey,) was practised with success during my stay there. A loaded musket was firmly fixed in a horizontal position, about the height of his head, to a couple of stakes driven into the ground; and the piece being cocked, a string from the trigger, first leading a little towards the butt, and then turning through a small ring forward, was attached to a shoulder of mutton stuck on the muzzle of the musket, the act of dragging off which drew the trigger, and the piece, loaded with two balls, discharged itself into the plunderer's mouth, killing him on the spot.

FOX HOUNDS.—In 1795, a pack of fox hounds, after running a fox near an hour in Cambridgeshire, found a brace of fresh foxes. The hounds divided; six couple and a half went away with one of them, and killed it at Weatherefield. One couple of dogs pursued the other, and killed him at Thurlow Park gate. Fifteen couple and a half stuck to the hunted fox, and killed him at the bottom of Gogmagog Hills, after a chase of one hour and three quarters without a check, in which time they were supposed to have run near thirty miles.

In 1726, the Duke of Northumberland's pack ran a fox into a very large furze cover near Alnwick, called Bunker's Hill, where he was lost in an earth which no person knew of. On the hounds returning to the kennel, two couple and a half of the best were missing. Next day several men went in search of them to all the earths and crags for twenty miles round, but no tidings could be gained. The cover where the fox was lost was then searched, and the earth discovered. In digging about two yards deep, one hound was found; several yards further, three more fast together in the ground; and two yards deeper, the fifth hound was dug up. They were all dead.

A few days previous to a recent election, a candidate for the office of sheriff, was thus accosted by a neighbor—"Well, sir, I hope you will be elected, for I would rather be hung by you than any body else." "And I," replied the candidate, "would rather hang you than any body else."

On Monday week a wager, of a very Herculean task, which had been made some time, was decided upon the river Thames, for five hundred sovereigns. John Williams, a waterman belonging to Waterloo-Bridge, was backed, for the above sum, to row from that bridge down to Gravesend, up the river to Richmond, and then back to the place of starting, within twelve hours, a distance of ninety-nine miles! Williams, who is about thirty-two years of age, and of rather slender make, started exactly as St. Paul's clock struck seven in the morning; the tide having then ebbed about two hours and a half, and proceeded down the river with much spirit and speed. The applause he met no doubt made him strain every nerve to win against time; which he did, by going through Richmond bridge and returning to Waterloo-Bridge about twenty minutes after six o'clock—performing his gallant exploit, and gaining fifty sovereigns for himself, in addition to five hundred for his backers, having about forty minutes to spare.

MITCHELL THE PIRATE.

"Well!" I said; "he is certainly a noble looking fellow, if that be the famous Mitchell. I have read the Lives of the Buccaneers and most of the modern novels, where pirates are commended into generous cut-throats; but remember no hero of them all to compare to the picture of this fine fellow. Bulwer himself could scarcely have imagined a more magnificent villain."

This was about eighteen months since, when I was standing upon the wharf, observing the vessels that arrived with a fine breeze, and anchored in succession abreast of the city of Charleston, in South Carolina. A tall and most remarkable person approached the spot where I was standing, and where a single sailor within a few yards was similarly engaged in watching the vessels that were moving about the harbor. The stranger appeared to be in the prime of life, the gentlemanly weather-beaten; and his tall, erect, and singularly commanding person, with an enquiring eye, and an easy sauntering manner, rendered him an object of instant attention. He was in the dress of a sea-faring person, with a round jacket, the buttons of which displayed an anchor, and his flowing white trowsers and large Havana hat indicated me to suppose that he was a naval officer. He approached the sailor, and I overheard the following dialogue:

"Do you want a ship, my friend?"

"I don't know; where is she bound?"

"Any where you please, my lad. I want six good men, and I'll give an advance of fifty dollars, and fifty dollars a month."

"She carries guns, I suppose?"

"Why, the guns are among the ballast, till she gets outside—you understand?"

"Yes; but I think I've seen you before. What's your name? if it's a fair question."

"Mitchell is my name."

"Did you ever sail out of Baltimore?"

"Yes, I commanded a Colombian privateer out of Baltimore."

"So I thought. I know you very well, Mr. Mitchell—you are a pirate. I got a ball through this left arm cut of your schooner, when we drove you off the James Taylor Indiaman. You stood off and on at the mouth of the Chesapeake for above a week waiting for her, and I was one of forty men that the owners sent down in a pilot-boat, to see her out of soundings. You had to up stick and run, you know."

"Oh, I see you are a fool."

"Ah, you want six good men, do you? Clear out, you h——y villain."

Thereupon the tall stranger did sidle off, and disappeared round the bow of a vessel close by.

I then advanced to the sailor, and learned from him that this was the renowned Mitchell, who for years had carried terror to the remotest corners of the Gulf of Mexico. "He is in low water now," said the tar; "he has nothing left but a little fine toggery, and I expect he's trying to knock up another gang. He came over passenger in that sloop yonder from Nassau, New Providence, and I'll bet my soul he wants to run away with her; but I'll go and give them a hint."

I afterwards ascertained that Mitchell was a native of Belfast, of most respectable parentage; but of the intervening periods of his life, until his career of piracy commenced, I could learn nothing. He appears to have carried on his piratical operations upon the Gulf of Mexico, and passed through a variety of strange adventures, in all of which he is said to have preserved high notions of honor, and a gentlemanly manner of committing the most atrocious robberies. He was, indeed, the Robin Hood of the Gulf of Mexico. For a long period, he was encamped upon a rocky point of land at the north-western extremity of the island of Cuba, commanding a gang of eighteen men, amongst whom, though assisted only by a single lieutenant of a character for determination similar to his own, he is said to have maintained the most slavish submission to his will. He usually sallied out of his rocky hiding place in a sixteen-oared boat, by the superior management of which, in calm weather, he could approach under the quarter of a vessel without danger from a single gun.

Upon one occasion, Mitchell had received information that a certain vessel was loading in the harbor of Kingston, in Jamaica, for an English port—a man, who had come over to Cuba, declaring that he had seen the sum of ten thousand dollars in boxes stowed away in the bread room. Knowing the time at which the brig would sail from Kingston, and consequently when she would round the north western extremity of Cuba, a strict watch was kept for her appearance; and accordingly upon a calm evening, a little after sunset, a vessel with her marks was seen gliding along her course, about five miles from land. The sixteen-oared boat was soon cutting through the sea, filled with twenty well-armed men, and a small swivel in the bow. The brig was rapidly neared, and Mitchell hailed as follows:

"Hollos, brig ——, ahoy! How do you do, Capt. —— ?"

"Very well, sir—I am obliged; but I have not the pleasure of knowing you, though you are quite correct in my name."

"I am Mr. Mitchell. Lower your boat, Captain, and I'll come on board, and take a glass of wine with you."

The boat was accordingly lowered—for the Captain of the brig now perceived that to fall in with the humor of his visitor, was the only chance of escape from a band of twenty well-armed pirates. Mitchell was accordingly conveyed above to the brig, and entered into easy conversation with the Captain.

"Well, Captain, what sort of a passage have you had from Kingston?"

"Oh, a tolerable passage. How have you been lately, Mitchell?"

"Very well indeed; but we are rather short of money now about Cuba."

"Ah, every body is short of that; times never were so bad, really."

"Well, I must just borrow those ten thousand dollars you have on board, Captain."

"My dear sir, I have not ten thousand farthings in the whole brig."

"Oh yes, now you have: they are in five boxes marked J. J. shoved away in the bread-room. Bear a hand, and let us heave it up, because it is growing dark, and my men will be up the brig's side to look for it, if you don't save them the trouble."

Upon this the boxes were speedily produced and lowered into the boat; Mitchell saying that he would walk into the cabin, and give the Captain a receipt for the money which he was so very kind as to lend him. He declared that he had a great respect for the Captain, and would be sorry that any inconvenience should befal him with his owners for lending the money to a friend; and therefore, to clear him from blame, he wrote the following receipt:

"OFF CUBA, ——, 18—.

"Received of Capt. ——, of the brig ——, the sum of ten thousand dollars, in five boxes marked J. J. which I have not time to count, but do not doubt that it will prove correct. J. MITCHELL."

He then, as if really concerned for the Captain, drew out a purse of one hundred guineas, which he offered to him, saying that it would be some recompense if he should lose his booth by this adventure:—this the Captain refused as a favor to himself, but would be glad to reserve the money for his owners. Mitchell, however, would not consent, saying that he had no respect for owners, who were always insured above the mark; "but this watch," said he, producing a most splendid one, "will perhaps suit you better than the money, Captain!" The Captain, however, would accept neither money nor watch, unless to be given up to his owners. Mitchell then shook hands with him, wishing the brig a pleasant voyage, and stepping into the boat with the ten thousand dollars, was conveyed to his own party, who were waiting for him at a little distance; and after a gentlemanly gratuity to the sailors of the brig who rowed him, the sixteen-oared boat disappeared towards the shore, and the brig proceeded on her way.

Mitchell remained at his encampment upon the island of Cuba till he had obtained, in adventures similar to the preceding, money sufficient to load the sixteen-oared boat to the water's edge, and then determined to leave off his piratical career, and pass into the United States: he now thought, however, that a boat load of money, though a good fortune for himself, or even for himself and his lieutenant, would make a small figure when divided among the entire gang of twenty men. The lieutenant was of the same opinion, and said the boxes of money to the Florida shore, without any assistance from the gang; and moreover it would be quite as well to cut off our men, lest these fellows, when disappointed in their share of the booty, should avenge the cheat by turning evidence against the "——" but on the other hand, dead men," said the lieutenant, "tell no tales." The two officers then determined upon destroying the whole gang; and by ordering them in various detached parties, for the pretended purpose of bringing wood, water, and other supplies to the camp, Mitchell and the lieutenant actually murdered them all. They then set off with the boat, and reached the coast of Florida, whence they coasted along to the Mississippi river, for the purpose of ascending to the city of New-Orleans. Here, however, their golden dreams were suddenly dashed to pieces; for the strange appearance of a sixteen-oared boat, loaded with boxes, and navigated by only two hands, attracted observation from the banks of the river; and when Mitchell and the lieutenant landed for supplies at a village a few miles below New-Orleans, the boat was suddenly filled with a body of police, and the two worthies were glad to leave their ill-gotten treasure and escape into the neighbouring woods.

Mitchell was now penyless again, and lurked for some time in the city of New-Orleans, narrowly watched by the police, for his remarkable person rendered it difficult to conceal himself; but being secreted by women with whom he was connected, the exertions of the police to discover him were long unavailing. Upon one occasion, information was received that Mitchell was in the house of a brown woman in the environs of the city, to which the police forthwith repaired; but not being cowfous of an encounter with a man of his prowess, they determined upon discharging a volley of musketry into the house. Mitchell received a ball through his arm from this discharge; but before another volley could be sent in, he sprang out of the window and escaped into the bushes.

He next made his appearance at the town of Mobile, at which place he supported himself for some time by working in a sail loft, a business at which, though probably not bred to it, he was said to be very expert, and soon opened as a sail-maker on his own account, marrying a young woman with money; and for two years he carried on a flourishing business in this line at Mobile. After that time, however it became pretty generally known who the sail-maker was; and the merchants of Mobile, not knowing how secure their vessels might be against the machinations of such a man, or what associates might secretly be around him, determined upon withdrawing their support from him, and in various other ways, to induce him to depart from the place.

He was accordingly banished in this manner from Mobile, and passed over to the Bahama Islands, whence he had come to Charleston in the sloop which the sailor pointed out. What his intentions there were, appeared very plainly from his conversation on the wharf; but having occasion to leave Charleston on the following day, I never heard farther of his adventures. Expressing afterwards much surprise at the public appearance of this well-known piratical adventurer, I was informed that the extreme difficulty of procuring satisfactory evidence rendered prosecutions for piracy almost always unavailing; and that the passing of the Island of Cuba into the power of a great maritime nation, is the only effectual method of suppressing the desperadoes of the Gulf

SPANISH BULL FIGHTS.

Bull fights were formerly reduced to a science in Spain, and there is a book written on the subject by one of the torreadors. The arena in which the fights were exhibited, was a kind of circus, with seats around it, place for the ladies in the centre. The entertainment began by the parade of the picadores (lancers) dressed in the full Spanish costume, and the cuadrilla, those who fought on foot, round the arena. After a short time, an alguazil, in a black robe and large wig, made his appearance, and asking the governor, or corregidor, when the combat should begin, gave the appointed signal, and then made a hasty retreat. The door of the shed which contained the bull was then opened, and the noble animal appeared. Stunned by the noisy exclamations of the spectators, and instantly attacked by the lancers with their long lances, he rushed boldly to the combat. If it happened, as was frequently the case, that a horse should first become his prey, the danger of his rider was averted by the men on foot, who, shaking various colored stuffs before the bull, attracted his attention, and dexterously avoided the danger when it was now their turn to brave. The lancers, after tormenting the poor animal for some time, left him to those on foot, who required all their agility to escape his rage, which was considerably augmented, by their plunging into his neck, by two and two, a kind of arrow, ornamented with various colored papers. This barbarous sport having been continued for some time, the spectators gave the word of command for his release, by calling the torreador, who alone approached the now exhausted, but still undaunted animal. The torreador held in one hand a kind of banner, which he shook before him; in the other, a sword; and while this single combat continued, the voices of the spectators gradually subsided into a suspensive and awful calm. The decisive blow being given, shouts of applause celebrated the triumphs of the torreador over a noble and (until provoked) inoffensive animal. In some instances, however, the most skilful torreadors have fallen victims to the rage of the bull. Three mules, ornamented with bells and streamers, were then brought in, and being fastened to the horns of the prostrate bull, dragged him from the scene of blood, to make room for another devoted victim.

Although bull fights were formerly abolished by Charles IV, yet they are still retained in many parts of Spain. A British officer, who served in the war of the Peninsula, thus describes a bull fight, which he witnessed in the square of Truxillo.

A few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening, five Spaniards, who were to fight the bulls, appeared in the square, each provided with a brown cloak in the left hand, and a pike in the right. These having taken their posts, one of the bulls was turned out, who, on making his DEBUT, looking furiously wild, while the air rung with the acclamations of a delighted populace. The honest bull had no idea that such a reception awaited him, as, in all his former preambulations, no one had deigned to notice him. He gazed on the passing scene with wonder. In a few minutes he became quite furious. Perceiving an opening under one of the wagons at the lower part of the square, he darted towards it, in hopes of obtaining his liberty.—The wagon was crowded with men and women, who, at the animal's approach, were precipitated in curious and truly laughable attitudes, from their exalted station to the same level with the object of their fears. At a time, every eye was turned to the scene of confusion, anxiously waiting the result of the grand charge of the courageous animal. At this momentous crisis, so big with the fate of many, the Spanish heroes advanced to meet their antagonist, and with savage bellowing, stopped him short in his victorious career.—To one of his tormentors he turned with death-like fury, and on his head seemed determined to wreak his utmost vengeance. The object of his hatred he pursued with such speed, that every one thought the life of the Spaniard would be forfeited to his temerity. But well the wily Don knew that the bull could be deceived; and to show us that such was the fact, he permitted the mad animal to get so close, as to make an attempt to toss him on his horns. Thus situated, the Spaniard had recourse to his cloak, which he threw at the head of the bull, who fancying the man in his power, stopped, and tossed it in the air. The other four were not idle during this rencontre between their friend and the bull. Having come to his assistance, one of them inflicted a wound in the hip of the poor brute, and made the best of his way to a place of safety, hotly pursued by his enemy, till stopped by the cloak of the fugitive, and the pikes of the others, as before. In this manner the fight continued, till the creature was completely exhausted, unable to shake his head, or raise a foot. In this state he was removed, to make room for a second, who afforded no sport whatever.

The eagerness of the Spaniards to witness this sanguinary amusement, may be judged of from the circumstance, that the produce of the seats will sometimes yield upwards of 120,000 rials in the course of a single day; the profits on which are singularly applied to support the public hospitals in Madrid.

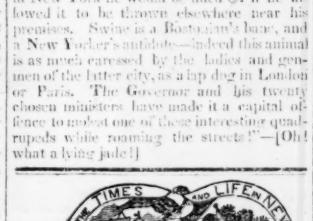
In Portugal, where bull fights are not unfrequent, the principal cavalier, or hero, of this barbarous sport, rushes between the horns of the bull; an act that requires considerable agility, great presence of mind, and an uncommon share of muscular strength.—In this posture he is carried about the ring by the enraged animal, amidst the shouts of the audience, until the rest of the combatants rescue him, by overthrowing the bull, which becomes their property.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

Joseph Brandt, the celebrated Mohawk warrior, was an *ebre* of Sir William Johnson. He was so named from a Dutch foster-father, who took care of the little savage while a child. When grown up he became the head of a band of intrepid Mohawks, and the terror of the long knives—so they called the Americans; and when at length he was disarmed by the peace, he again took the hatchet against the Indians who had joined the beside side. The late Marquis of Hastings, Earl Moira, admired the address and courage of Brandt and became his patron. His Lordship more than once brought him over to England, and introduced him to the REAL SWONG. On one occasion he took our Indian to a grand masked ball, painted, plumed, armed, and dressed out all the points in the real costume of an Indian warrior. He far eclipsed the motley groups and became the *lion* of the room. We are told that a stately Turk, accustomed by two hornies, wished to ascertain if the sachem really wore a mask, one half of the face being painted black, and the other red. He therefore cautiously touched the top of the nose, with the intent of just raising the mask. Of all people, an American Indian cannot tolerate any personal freedom. Brandt took fire at once, and to good earnest; he supposed they wanted to take a belt of him for their buffoonery. He assumed a most frightful aspect, flourished his tomahawk and gave the war-hoop with such a terrific yell, that the entire assembly were seized with a panic, and thrown into great confusion. Turks, Jews, and Gypsies; bear-leaders and their bears, Falstaffs, friars and fortune-tellers; sultans, nuns and columbines, scudded away, budding and tumbling over each other, to leave a clear stage for the Mohawk.

REFUGEE IN AMERICA.

NEW-YORK AND BOSTON.—Mrs. Trollope, in her new work, called the Refugee in America, introduces some queer comparisons between the manners of the two cities. We quote *for example*:—"In Boston, there are no persons allowed to vote at the elections of President or Governor of that province, but native born Yankees; while at New York, emigrants are forced from the ships in which they arrive, directly to the hustings, which are kept open the first two weeks of every month at Mason's Lodge, Broadway, where they are allowed to pelt off the sidewalks the most respectable inhabitants. If they are reproved for such conduct, the answer invariably is—'Isn't this a land of liberty?' I was one forenoon myself stopped at the Lodge, and offered a vote, with the preliminary question, 'Are you a Clay or a Jackson man?' In Boston, a person seen with a segar in his mouth in the street, is counted a blackguard; but in New York no gentleman makes his promenade without one. In Boston, a housekeeper would be placed at the Sessions dock for suffering the refuse of his mansion to be thrown into the street—while in New York he would be fined $1 if he allowed it to be thrown elsewhere near his premises. Swine is a Bostonian's bane, and a New Yorker's antidote—indeed this animal is as much executed by the ladies and gentlemen of the latter city, as a lap dog in London or Paris. The Governor and his twenty chosen ministers have made it a capital offence to molest one of those interesting quadrupeds while roaming the streets!"—[Oh! what a lying jade!]



City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 6, 1832.

To our Sporting Friends.

As the Fall Races throughout the country are about commencing, we take this early opportunity to advise our Sporting Friends of our desire to give full and accurate accounts of the Racing over each distinguished Course in the Union. To enable us to do this, we take the liberty to request the Secretaries of Clubs to extend to us the courtesy of Sportsmen, and send us the results of the Racing on their respective Courses, which we shall gladly insert in our columns. The extensive circulation of our paper through the Southern and Western States, makes it an important object with us to notice the results of matches in those States as early as our situation admits. To Secretaries of the various Jockey Clubs, and to Sportsmen in general, we shall feel ourselves much indebted, if they will transmit to us such accounts of the Fall Races, as their opportunities of witnessing them, and the disposition to publish the performances of their horses, will enable them to do.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

On Monday, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the "Whips" of the city put their horses to the shafts, and rolled themselves, at no sleepy pace, down Long Island to witness the Trotting Match between Dread and Cato. The display of fine horses on such an occasion, and the opportunity of showing them off gives to our Races a peculiar attraction. The Turnpike leading to the Course is admirably calculated for safe competition between the owners of fast trotters—the track being wide, and in most places there being three distinct paths.

These volunteer contests frequently afford equal amusement with the match over the Course, and the gentlemanly bearing of the contending "Whips" makes it safe as well as interesting. There has been such improvement in the elegance and construction of our fashionable vehicles for a single horse, that saddle horses are almost entirely unknown.

The splendid and gracefully moving Stanhopes—the elegant and well built buggies—and the neat, attenuated, glittering single gigs are now all the ton. This has had the effect to create a demand for horses fit for harness, and such is the rage for fleet, kind, and well broke shaft horses, that one possessing the suitable requisites will command almost any price. Indeed to possess "a goer" has become a passion among our "Whips;" and the number of first-rate trotters belonging to private gentlemen is much greater than is generally imagined.

The judgment shown in the selection and purchase of a good horse, and the taste displayed in the construction and color of the vehicle, and the style and manner of driving, reflects most creditably on those who indulge in the luxury of riding, and who make so rational an amusement, one of the pleasantest and most striking features of a "Life in New-York."

A RAILWAY, LOCOMOTIVE AND CAR.—The present has been a dull season for the owners of gardens and other delightful rural resorts,—but blow hot or cold—Cholera or no Cholera, that industrious caterer for the public, NIBLO, ever suits himself to the times and is sure to do something that will attract the attention and procure him the patronage of our "sight seeing" community! With this laudable object in view, he has put up in his Garden a Railway, and has upon it a beautiful Locomotive Engine, which draws four cars, each large enough for one passenger, at the rate of eight miles per hour. Hundreds are daily flocking to see this novel and interesting sight. We commend it to all who have not witnessed a mode of travelling that promises ere long to supersede every other mode of conveyance on land.

FAMILY SCENE.—We were shown yesterday a very humorous Lithographic Print representing the family of the famous Madame Trollope during her sojourn in the West. It is intended probably as an offset to the lady's representations of American manners, and has the same proportionate amount of caricature. It is for sale at PEABODY'S, 219 Broadway.

In the London newspaper list of "fashionable arrivals" in Cavendish Square, we notice the following—Count Survcillers and suite, and General Cadwallader, from America.

A tulip, called Fanny Kemble, was lately sold at Croydon to a florist in Chelsea for £100. So great at one time was the tulip mania in Holland that £5000 has been given for a tulip, and a single root was considered an ample fortune for a young lady in marriage.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—The report of the City Inspector gives the gratifying intelligence of a continual decrease of the *Cholera*. We have every reason to hope that very shortly we shall hear of its entire disappearance. The interments of the week are 180—less than the preceding week 58. The cholera cases also present a decline of 22 cases. In every section of the Union the fatal malady is disappearing. We have heard of no solitary case south of Virginia.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The last Edinburg Journal says, "the strength of our great countryman gets daily weaker and weaker. We fear the thread of life will give way before many days."

THE ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

The long—long looked for pleasure of listening to the sweet strains of the distinguished Company of Operatics may be realized *this evening* at the Richmond Hill Theatre. The performances of the season commence with the admired opera of Cenerentola; with which most of our citizens are familiar, and will thereby be better able to judge of the merits of the execution.

Anxiety has been on the tip-toe to know the powers of these enterprising strangers, and if we are permitted to judge from the report of those who have heard them in private, we do not hesitate to predict that our Amateurs and lovers of music will find them to excel their utmost expectations. Success await them.

THE TROTTING MATCH.

On Monday, the long expected match between the two celebrated horses CATO and DREAD, came off on the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island.

The match was for two thousand dollars—five miles and repeat in harness. Among our sportsmen expectation has been awake for some time past, in relation to this match and the *side betting* was probably greater than the original purse.

The day was very unpropitious. The weather during the morning was cold and rainy—indicating a severe storm through the day, yet there was an immense concourse of spectators, amounting to several thousands. The course in consequence of the rain was very heavy.

The horses were brought up and got into action, both appearing in fine condition and good spirits, but the backers of Cato say he was evidently out of order, and had shown symptoms of sickness throughout the morning. Still Cato was evidently the favorite, and his success last May justified the preference, but Dread's friends were staunch, and backed him with spirit.

On the signal being given, both horses started in fine style—Cato leading, closely followed by Dread.—During the three first miles Cato continued to lead, but at no great distance ahead. In the fourth mile, Cato broke up on ascending the rising ground, when Dread rushed past and won the match with ease, coming in at an easy trot the fifth mile.

Heavy as the Course was, Cato did the first three miles in less than nine minutes, and the whole time occupied by the match, was 15 minutes and 10 seconds. The last mile however was done at so easy a pace, that Dread's actual speed cannot be judged from the time.

We are extremely sorry to [illegible] cion has been engendered in the minds of the backers of Cato, that he has met foul play. It is currently reported that on Friday preceding the race, a young man handed an apple to the boy who *groomed* Cato, with two plugs in it containing a powder, which on being analyzed, proved to be arsenic. We shall however, refrain for the present, from going farther into this unpleasant affair, as we understand a suit will be instituted for the recovery of the money, on account of unfair play somewhere.

THE FINE ARTS.

There is now on Exhibition at the Gallery of the American Academy of Fine Arts, Barclay-Street, a collection of very superb Pictures, which, from the encomiums bestowed upon them by judicious and tasteful *connoisseurs*, we unhesitatingly commend to the public attention. They are said to have constituted a private Gallery in England—in selecting which great care and discrimination had been exercised.

The Editors of the American, on whose taste and judgment, in these matters, we place confidence, remark, "We have only made a single visit, and that a short one, to this collection, but we saw enough to determine us to repeat our own visit, and to invite those of others."

Shenstone thanked heaven that his name was too obnoxious to a pun. A young beau, better known by the nickname of "Snuff" than any other, would have died to be able to join in the prayer, had he heard the following dialogue about him the other evening:—"And so you really think," said the beautiful Linda, giving at the same time one of her most earnest looks out of those eyes which might create a soul under the ribs of Death; "you really think you might be induced to marry Snuff?" "Yes; I might take him at a *pinch*," demurely answered the lady.—*American.*

A physician going down Regent street with a friend of his, said to him, "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left; she knows me again, and casts upon me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." "Ah! I understand, you had the misfortune to despatch him." "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."—*The Parrot.*

At the Salop Assizes last week, a witness was called by a prisoner to speak of his character.—"What do you know of the prisoner?" said the Court. "Only this," said the witness, "that if there is any mischief done in the parish, he is sure to be the first suspected of having committed it." This was a settler.—*Examiner.*

Napoleon, when dying, commanded that he should be buried in his Marengo Cloak. His son implored, with tears in his eyes and uplifted hands, that he might be enveloped in a tri-colored flag. An English editor very naturally asks, have they refused him this innocent request!

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—A man by the name of Reed, from Nova Scotia, walked out of the third story of a house in Creek square, on Sunday night, while asleep, and fell upon the pavement, without receiving any serious injury.—*Boston Atlas.*

St. Louis City, (Missouri,) Sept. 15.—*Washington Irving of New-York.*—This distinguished individual arrived in this city on Thursday last, on his way, as we learn, to the Upper Mississippi. We feel ourselves honored by the visit—we welcome him most heartily to Missouri, and we would indulge the hope that he may find in our Indian traditions some incidents which he may think entitled to a place in some future volume of the inimitable Sketch Book. Perhaps some warrior, in the far away West—Tecumseh or Blackhawk, may have their names and their achievements made immortal by the pen of the classic and illustrious Irving.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

POSTPONEMENTS.

TREE HILL RACES.—At a meeting of the Tree Hill Jockey Club, held at the Eagle Hotel, Richmond, Va. on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

The members of the Richmond Tree Hill Jockey Club, considering the existence of the cholera at this time in our city, and the absence of so many of our members, deem it advisable to postpone the Fall Tree Hill Races, to such suitable period as we may hope an exemption from this pestilence, and the return of our fellow citizens. Be it, therefore

Resolved, That the Fall Races at Tree Hill be postponed to Wednesday, the 14th day of November.

Resolved, That the Secretary cause this postponement to be published in the Richmond Enquirer and Whig without delay.

FAIRFIELD FALL RACES.—At a meeting of the Fairfield Jockey Club, Sept. 22th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, it being conclusively ascertained that a large majority of the members of this Club, are absent from the city and are likely to continue so in consequence of the ravages of the Cholera, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Fall Races at Fairfield, be postponed, until Tuesday, 30th October next.

Resolved, That the Secretary cause this postponement to be published in the Constitutional Whig and Richmond Enquirer.

NEXT WEEK'S SPORT.

On Monday and Tuesday the Trotting Matches will come off on the Centreville Course, L. I. and the justly celebrated character of our trotting horses gives assurance that these matches will be contested with a spirit commensurate with that reputation. We hear of many horses being in training whose owners are confidently indulging high hopes of their surpassing any thing ever witnessed on this Course.

The Fall Races over the Union Course, L. I. will follow on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. These races are under the immediate patronage of the Association for the improvement of the breed of horses.—Great spirit is anticipated from the Match Race, four mile heats, between Virginia Taylor and Miss Matty, whose stock and breeding are of the first character.—The purses for the first and second day are sufficiently large to ensure a spirited competition and the display of fine horses, and their performances cannot fail to attract a large concourse of spectators.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACES.—We have learned verbally that there was very interesting sport on that course, but the Races took place so late in the week that we could not receive an official account early enough for this week's paper.—We shall forbear from repeating any thing that has reached us and wait to hear from our intelligent and prompt correspondent.

MISS KEMBLE.

The following beautiful eulogium on this lady was transcribed by a correspondent of the American, from Fraser's Magazine for May last. It is not as a specimen of fine writing, that we insert it, but for the purpose of giving a wider currency to facts that reflect so favorably on the character of this talented lady—this dutiful and pious daughter.

"Miss Fanny Kemble was never destined to the stage. The misfortunes of the parent made the daughter an actress. The former was reduced to beggery by the failure of his manager, and the law suits in which, as part proprietor of the theatre, he had been involved—his family circle was about to be broken up—his furniture was about to be seized by rapacious creditors; he was an unfortunate man, and the fate of misfortune he was daily undergoing in increasing bitterness: he expected sympathy, and encountered disregard and desertion on the part of those who, in his heyday of prosperity, were proud (the contemptible reptiles!) to call themselves his friends.—While the gloom was settling in deeper wreaths over his once cheerful health—while bitterness of disappointment, and anxiety for the welfare and welfare of those who were to him dearer than life itself, was torturing his heart, his young daughter stepped forward, averted the impending arm of fate, and dispelled the darkness from his dwelling. The boyish miss girl had suddenly assumed the sedate aspect of the thoughtful woman: all youthful visions and day dreams, and secret and silent aspirations, were at once banished from her bosom, and, with the intrepidity of an Amazon armed in a holy cause, she deliberately came before the gaze of multitudes, to wage war against Fortune on behalf of those who had given her life, and for whom she determined to decorate that life. In spite of the incessant anxiety which awaited her, the wear and tear of public drudgery, and the covert slanders, or open unfriendly attacks, of whosoever should be base enough, or beastly enough, to assault and maltreat an artless, innocent, and inoffensive girl. The very act which brought her on the stage, proclaimed her worth and virtue, and even had she miserably failed, should have given her a sacred character, proclaimed possession on her part of that species of virtue, which is the purest and the best, and the most acceptable to the Father of Goodness and Mercy, filial piety! By this Miss Kemble manifested her superlative virtue, her wisdom, and her strength of mind.—Talk of Grecian daughters after this! The piety of Virgil's hero, though aided by the charms of poetry, is surpassed by the piety of the young girl obeying the hard and prosaic call of necessity and love. To abandon in a moment every cherished anticipation and scheme of life—to burst without scruple through the seclusion of her family circle—to devote her existence to the existence of her parents—to face a theatrical audience unprepared as she was, and trusting only to her innate strength, was a manifestation of moral courage and devotion which was well calculated to evince her worth, and take captive the hearts of Englishmen. The experiment was attempted, and was hailed by a *tempest* of applause. Well do we remember the night, and well do we remember the broken tones and tearful eye with which the father, in his abounding pride of heart, came forward to acknowledge the congratulations of the auditory. Happy father, to have so excellent a child!—for surely, if Heaven has rewards in store for mortals, its choicest blessings must descend like the silent dew upon the head of so worthy and good a daughter.

"Miss Fanny Kemble was courted and caressed—was the theme of general praise and invidious compliment—foolings toasted for in their clubs, and spawned forth their flippant flatteries in her presence—ladies of fashion invited her, as a newly arrived Hottess, to their mansions—she was the object of universal applause, wonder and sympathy. An ordinary girl's head would have been turned instantly—Miss Kemble was made of stouter and truer metal."

The Boston Traveller says a lad in Gill, Mass named Cannon, has made a printing press and types, and issued a paper two and a half inches in length, and two inches in breadth! He has also published a book of twenty seven pages, called "A Treatise on a Pig," ornamented with a cut, carved by himself. He advertises two lines for a cent. There is no *other* printing office in the town.

A *bear* who had committed sundry depredations in the cornfields, being pursued by a party of neighbors in Danube last week, was shot in the woods near the Indian Castle church, by Mr. Felix Green. He weighed 200 pounds. Several of his species are said to have been taken in Stratford within a few days past.—*Little Falls Gaz.*

THE PARK.

We saw on Friday night for the second time, Miss Kemble's Julia, in the *Hunchback*. This is unquestionably her best character. For the life of us we could not help identifying the *ideal* character with the *real* person, and are sure if the hapless Julia had an "existence and a name," she would only be just what the enchanting Miss FANNY is. As a play, the *Hunchback* has undoubtedly the faults which the critics ascribe to it; but the poetry that breathes through almost every line, makes its representation the rarest intellectual repast that we ever witnessed on the stage. What particularly enhances its value as affording full scope for the wonderful powers of Miss K. is the "conning of the plot," which represents the female character in three of the most interesting situations of life. In the character of a maiden bred up in rural simplicity and entire seclusion from the world, she falls in love with one alike her worthy of her tenderness and attention. After her arrival in town she assumes the dignified manner of a fine lady and in a moment of offended pride renounces the real object of her love, and is betrothed to a heartless coxcomb, glittering in the show of tinsel wealth. The day of marriage draws nigh, when the fond remembrance of her early attachment rushes on her still unsophisticated mind. Her remorse at her precipitate conduct—the still conflicting passions of pride and love, and her deep repentance, together with the trying interview with the object of her first love, affords a scope for that degree of dramatic talent, which none, in this country but Miss KEMBLE, have any pretensions to. The House during each time of her performance of this character was filled to overflowing—and the effect she produced affords the most convincing and triumphant proof of her complete success.

As the simple-minded and single-hearted, secluded beauty, Miss K. carries on the illusion of the part in her very looks, while she merely reads the eloquent poetry of the part, but we could not help thinking she seemed a little too knowing now and then, for one whose knowledge of mankind was limited to an acquaintance with her guardian, the Hunchback.

Mr. KEMBLE, as Sir Charles Clifford, falls in love with her at first sight, and his "eloquent discourse" during a single interview, renders the passion mutual. Mr. KEMBLE sustains this part with a propriety and judgment that we look for in vain in any other actor on our boards. 'Tis not until the unsophisticated Julia is made giddy with a town life, that Miss KEMBLE begins to exhibit her superior powers. From this time to the close, she displays a succession of thrilling scenes, which her spirit-stirring action, during the indulgence of her wrath and pride, and her deeply pathetic tones and frantic ravings in the time of her remorse, are so well calculated to sustain. We cannot hope ever to see in this character a performance of such extraordinary excellence.—The effect was electrical [illegible] of the house was marked by the most profound silence during her performance of each scene, but following the fall of the curtain with rounds of tremendous applause.

The caste of this play is not very fortunate; still we do not see how it could well be remedied. Mr. Clarke's *second* Hunchback was infinitely superior to his *first*, and his performance would do credit to any actor. But Mr. Barry's powers are entirely dormant in the gilded Earl; he is merely a "sleeping partner" to that vaporing fop, Lord Tinsel, by Richings, who made as much of it as the part deserves. Simpson a Modus is censured by the Critics as execrable—we do not endorse their strictures. No man could make much of the part. It seems to be introduced merely to elicit the characteristic traits of the spirited Helen, and as such it matters little how it is played, if the part of Helen is well executed. This character was in the hands of Mrs. Sharpe, and although not exactly suited by her style, she makes a most spirited piece of acting of it.

On Monday, King John was played at the Park. Mr. KEMBLE, as Falconbridge; and Constance by Miss KEMBLE. There is hardly scope for Miss K. in the part of Constance, but still she makes a point in her address to the recreant Austrian, that we never saw surpassed even by herself. Such an exhibition of withering scorn, wrath, and detestation, makes our blood run cold for an hour. Mr. K.'s Falconbridge was greatly admired. The part suits him well, and we need not add "twas well done."

Complaints were heard from all quarters, of the feeble support afforded by the "stock company" on this evening, and the censure was verily deserved. But we take pleasure in noticing two striking exceptions, in Mr. Barry, as King John, and that very promising little girl, Miss Whatley, in the character of Prince Arthur. Barry did himself great credit, and confirmed his friends in their high estimation of his talents as a tragedian. We have ever thought the scene between Prince Arthur and Hubert the most interesting and the most beautifully written in the play, and we intend a just and high compliment when we say, that in Miss Wheatley's spirited personation of the "beauteous boy," our conception of the character was fully realized. She is an exceedingly smart child and with suitable attention to her education may hope to reach an enviable distinction in theatrical fame.

THE AMERICAN.

During the week a second appeal has been made by the manager of this house, in behalf of native talent. It was promptly responded to, by our patriotic citizens, and Mr. Hamblin again had a *benefit*.

But we are getting tired of these appeals, and their repetition will not be endured by the community. They savor a little too much of political trick. (Heaven save the mark) and take advantage of the proudest attribute in our national character, for the paltry purpose of filling Mr. Hamblin's pockets. We do not object to Mr. Hamblin's getting as rich as Crœsus, and if it would answer any useful end, we hope he may—but we object to his habit of appealing to our love of country, thereby prostituting the most sacred feelings of patriotism and shunting their sensibility for merely his own private purposes. There is still less excuse for this inasmuch as the attractions which are offered, do not require any finesse of the kind to ensure Mr. H. a crowded house.

Miss Vincent and Miss Clifton again appeared as Juliet and Bianca, and won most astonishing applause. We have before *expatiated* on the merits and demerits of each of these ladies in each of their characters, and will not indulge a repetition of our remarks. However, we will take this opportunity to suggest both to them and to Mr. Hamblin, the propriety of *chastening, not a little*, their style of dwindling the more tender scenes in each of these plays. There is something extremely gross in any exaggeration of a part that savors of voluptuousness, and however natural clasping of waists and tender foldings of the arms may be, that man must have a depraved taste who would not prefer seeing less of what the fancy so readily and so much more delicately supplies. This *exercise* of tenderness was too conspicuous on Wednesday evening, not to excite the remark of many, and once or twice a familiar *hug* was absolutely disgusting. These suggestions are made in the spirit of friendliness, and the correction of the fault, will tend more than any thing else to render each of these plays what no doubt Mr Hamblin intends—the most attractive and affecting entertainment he can present to an intelligent audience.

Miss Kelly, whose experience is great, and whose talent is at least as considerable, is actively engaged in making preparations for the commencement of her undertaking—the establishment of a school for acting, with certain public exhibitions, to prove the advantages of her system in improvement of her pupils. Nothing can be more waged at the present moment. The Queen has most graciously promised to give Miss Kelly all the countenance in her power; and the Duke of Devonshire, within the last week, has come forward, in the kindest and most liberal manner, to afford every assistance, both in public and private capacity. Miss Kelly will thus be connected with the most flattering prospects—she will open her system by some metrological entertainments, if we are rightly informed in the nature of lectures, and she will probably be ready early in the autumn.—*London Observer.*

HAWKING.

The origin of hawking, or flying of hawks, cannot be traced to an earlier period than the middle of the 4th century. Julius Firmicus, who lived about that time, is the first author that mentions it; but Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," states that hawking was first invented by Frederick Barbarossa when he besieged Rome. The period of its introduction into England is uncertain, but it is known to have been practised in the eighth century; and in the succeeding ones this sport was so highly esteemed by the Anglo-Saxon nobility, that the training and flying of hawks became one of the essentials in the education of a young man of rank. Alfred the Great is celebrated for his early proficiency in hawking, and is even said to have written a treatise on the subject, though no such work is extant.

Hawking is often mentioned in the capitularies of the eighth and ninth centuries. The Grand Falconer of France was an officer of great eminence; his annual salary was 4,000 florins, and he was attended by fifty gentlemen, with fifty assistants. He was allowed to keep three licensed hawks, and he licensed every vender of hawks, and received a tax upon every bird sold in that kingdom, and even within the verge of the court.

Edward the Third, when he invaded France, had with him thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and every day he indulged either in the sports of hunting or hawking.

Hawking was performed on horseback or on foot, as occasion required. On horseback when in the fields and open country, and on foot when in the woods and covers. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him to assist in leaping over ditches and ditch-s, which might otherwise prevent his progress. Henry the Eighth, while pursuing his hawk on foot at Hitchin in Hertfordshire, attempted with the assistance of his pole to jump over a ditch that was half filled with muddy water; the pole broke and the king fell into the mud, where he would probably have been suffocated had not one of his footmen leaped into the ditch and rescued him from his perilous situation. It was a custom for ladies not only to accompany gentlemen in this sport but also to practise it themselves; and they are even said to have excelled the men in the knowledge and exercise of the art of falconry.

Under the Norman Government, no persons but such as were of the highest rank, were permitted to keep hawks, until the Forest Charter was enacted from King John, by which the privilege was given to every freeman to have aeries of hawks, sparrowhawks, falcons eagles and herons, in his own woods. Several restrictive laws have however since been made relative to hawking, many of which are extremely capricious. Other laws have been made for their protection; as one in the reign of Henry the Seventh, by which it was enacted, that if any person was convicted of taking or destroying the eggs of a falcon, he should suffer imprisonment for one year and a day, and be liable to a fine at the King's pleasure.

Hawks have been sold at very extravagant prices. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, a gos hawk and a tassel hawk were sold for one hundred marks; and in the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast, that is, a pair of hawks.

The practice of hawking declined from the moment the musket was introduced in field sports, as it pointed out a more ready and certain method of procuring game. The diversion it is probable, would now have been extinct in this country but for the celebrated Colonel Thornton, who has preserved, and sometimes exercised, this ancient pastime. In his "Sporting Tour to the Highlands," he gives an account of his having practised the sport there, to the great surprise and gratification of the people, who were much pleased with it. "We rode," says he, "and the falconer attended with a cast and a half of hawks. I had long resisted the solicitations of Mr. D. to fly a hawk wherever we happened to mark in a pault near us, which was frequently the case. At length one came so near, that I could no longer by this breach of the law in a country which requires none. I consented. Determined to follow up the bird, a tercel was unhooded, and took a very handsome place, and killed his bird at the first flight. Having once broken the law, grown bolder in iniquity, as is usually the case, we stuck at nothing, and had a very pleasant day's sport indeed; for the hawks were well broke into partridges, and flew well. We killed twenty-two birds, and had a most incomparable flight at a snipe, one of the best I ever saw, for full sixteen minutes. The falcon flew delightfully, but the snipe got into a small juniper bush near us, her only resource. I ordered the tercel to be hooked down, and I took the other falcon, meaning at any rate that they should succeed with this snipe. When flushed, I flew my falcon from the hood (a cap with which their head is covered;) the other was in a very good place, and on the falconer's hand. A dreadful wet maintained flight they had, and many good checks in the air. At length they brought her like a sick fowl from the clouds into the small juniper bush she had saved herself in before, and close to which we were standing. Plunging (for the pault is sown stout) it, and so closely, that I fortunately took it alive; and throwing out a moor-poult to each falconer as a reward, and preventing by these means the two hawks from fighting for the snipe and carrying it away, we fed them up, delighted beyond measure at this noble flight. We mutuced them very accurately both times, when they took the air, and the last flight was eleven minutes; during which time, moderately speaking, they could not fly less than nine miles, besides an infinite number of buckles or turns."

Our Correspondent "L." may receive his communication by leaving his address with us.

METHOD OF MAKING A NEWSPAPER POPULAR.—A few years after the commencement of the Columbian Centinel in Boston, Mr. Russell, its editor and publisher, finding that the profits arising therefrom, were not sufficient to defray his expenses, applied to Mr. Barrell (one of the most popular merchants of his time) for advice as to the course he had best pursue in the very unpleasant dilemma in which he was placed. He informed Mr. B. of the particulars of his situation, in his usual plain, honest manner, saying, that his expenses were so much on the increase, and his profits were so small, that he thought he should be obliged to give up his paper and seek his fortune elsewhere. Mr. Barrell immediately remarked, that his (Mr. R's) case was not so desperate as he imagined it to be, and recommended him to lash some of the most popular characters of the day in the most severe terms in his columns, which course he felt sure could not only bring his paper into more notice than it then was, but would greatly add to his subscription list and increase the patronage of advertisers. Mr. Russell replied, that such a course would be repugnant to his feelings, but as he had always considered Mr. Barrell as a warm friend and a man of superior judgment, he would take his advice into serious consideration. On the morning of the next publication of the Centinel, when Mr. Barrell went into State-street, he observed almost every one with eyes and mouths wide open, as if he was a monster in human shape; and he could not solve the mystery of their looks until a gentleman asked him why Mr. Russell had lashed him so unmercifully in his paper of that day? Mr. B. at once stepped into an insurance office—read the paper—and as he progressed in the article about himself, he waxed warmer and warmer till at length, in a high dungeon he found his way to the Centinel office, when he demanded of the editor, in round set terms, why he had treated him so infamously. Mr. Russell replied, that as Mr. B appeared agitated, he had better be seated until he became cool and collected, and then he would satisfy him to his heart's content. After looking to the affairs of the office, Mr. Russell appeared before Mr. Barrell with a low bow, and offered the following explanation: "Sir, you well know that I have ever esteemed you to be my most valued friend, and in whose good judgment I have placed the most implicit confidence—for in my utmost need, I applied to you for advice, which you cheerfully gave to me. At that time, it is true, that the course which you marked out for me, was repugnant to my feelings, but after mature deliberation, I was satisfied that it would have the desired effect and determined to pursue it. Then I had to select a subject, and after looking around among our townsmen, I could not find one whose unexceptionable character, exalted standing, and extensive usefulness was equal to your own. I therefore selected you as the first object of attack. If a man cannot take a liberty with a friend, with whom the devil can he?"—*Ib.*

B. B. FRENCH, Esq. has disposed of his interest in the establishment of the Newport Spectator, but will retain a share of the chair editorial.

The late venerable Major Melville of Boston, whose death we last week mentioned, was engaged in the destruction of Tea in Boston harbor; and had in his possession when he died, a sample of the tea, nicely preserved.

We understand that another great picture by Haydn, is on its way to this country—"The Raising of LAZARUS." It is spoken of in the English journals as a work of art worthy of the author of the "Jerusalem." The heir of Lazarus in particular is said to be one of the finest conceptions in modern art.—*U. S. Gazette.*

On Thursday afternoon a drayman, in backing his horse on the wharf, from the narrow alley leading from Girard's wharf, lost the command of the animal, and the dray, on which was a hogshead of sugar, together with the horse, was precipitated into the river. The dray can be recovered, but the horse which was a valuable one and belonged to a worthy industrious young man, and the sugar are entirely lost. The edges of wharves should be so constructed as to prevent the occurrence of any such accidents.

The first English Bible ever printed in the United States, was published by Atkin, at Philadelphia, 1781, at a time when the supply from England was interrupted by the war. It was recommended to the people by an act of the American Congress, signed by their Secretary, Chas. Thompson. A copy of this bible was used by a gentleman who stated this fact to me, and was worn out in the service of his family; he cherished the most lively regard for this bible of his childhood, and has purchased and preserves a copy.

A GOOD CONTRIVANCE.—We saw yesterday a contrivance of the most simple kind, by which a horse that becomes restive or runs away with a carriage, may be let loose from the shafts or pole without a moments delay, and without endangering the carriage or orders. Such an invention appears to us worthy of notice.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.—It is the undoubted duty of those who served in the armies of our independence, to assist their compatriots in the struggle by affording such information as may enable them in their declining days to obtain the stipend granted by the government to the survivors of the conflict. Among others who find difficulty in substantiating their claims we notice in a southern paper the request of *Lewis Layton*, to his companions in arms, for proof of his identity and service during the revolutionary war. He states that he enlisted at Henrico, C. H. in Virginia, and was in an engagement on the North River, under General Wayne. He solicits information by letter addressed to him at Tumbling Shoals P. O. South Carolina.—*Courier.*

Lady Noel Byron and her daughter, the Hon. Augusta Ada Noel Byron have for some time been living most retiredly at Brighton. The Hon. Miss Byron, "sole daughter" of the late highly gifted nobleman of that title, is now in her 17th year, and a young lady of consid

Police Intelligence.

NEW-YORK.

The next on the list, was an Irishman, all blood and puddle, from brogue to hat block; and it required but little stretch of genius to discover that he was no pillar of the temperance cause or at least a very lame one; for his maudlin eye rusty physiognomy, and clotted garb, were indications of any thing rather than "total abstinence,"—and, indeed, the non-attendance of his hat, one shoe, and the sleeve of his coat, were at any rate good circumstantial evidences of his having been some time or other three sheets in the wind, or as, Bacon has it, "dead drunk." The alderman having surveyed him for a minute, and recognised him as an old acquaintance, accosted him in the usual manner, "Well, Mr Patrick O'Shea what have you to say for yourself?

Pat. The divil a word at all your honor, only to thank you for the trouble you took in finding me such comfortable lodgings, barring the bed, and to take my lave of your worship as soon as you think it convanient,

Alderman Well, but Pat, how came you to get drunk last night and disturb the peace?

Pat. Well, but its your worship that's the funny man—disturb the paice! Och, if any one else but yourself had tould me so—but now tell me, your honor in sober truth, do you railly think I was drunk?

Alderman. Why, Pat, your "outward man" combined with the constable's evidence, are at least some indications.

Pat. To be shure, appearances condemn me. But as for the constables, we'll say nothing at all about tham—for the divil a peeler is my country from Howth to Kinsale, bud id swaire the leg of an iron pot for a haporth of brogue nails.

Alderman. Well, Mr. O'Shea, I'm truly sorry for your poor opinion of our peace officers, but we aldermen, are unfortunately compelled to put some faith in them here.

Pat. Then God help ye's Pd as lief believe a Jew or a guager "bad luck to them"—but good morning to your honor—am I to go?

Alderman. Yes, Pat, after I have the pleasure of fining you five shillings'

Pat. Then every glory be to your worship for that,it help to make up for the seven and seven-penny bit which I lost last night with gallows Mat Healy, at "five and twenty."

Alderman. I see, Mr. O'Shea, you've got the Scotchman's knack of making all your mistakes on the right side. You are to pay five shillings to the court, or to *locate* to the city Bridewell five days for being drunk in the streets on Sunday.

Pat. Here's a purty how do ye do, any how. On what day would you want a man to get drunk? eh, is it of a working day, to let the childars starve, and as for all the locking and eating in your bridewell, I fear you'd keep a body too busy with fasting on musty mail, and dancing up your merry go-round to do either,—here, Nelly [speaking to a woman in the crowd] run home for the bare life and rise five bobs on the bed clothes, and [lowering his voice] if I dont take the worth of it out of some bloody peelers head before Sunday, there's no potatoes in Munster, that"s all.

The prisoner returned to the dock to give way for another.—*New-York Traveller.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Jimmy Robeck was seen at a corner, gazing about confusedly, and parading round and round, as if he was in search of something he did not know very well what. At last down he sat upon the curb stone, and mused quietly upon his troubles. The watch arrived.

"Well, young man, what are you doing there?"

"Nothing at all. What made you think I was doing something?"

"Don't talk; but get up quietly, and disperse."

"Oh yes! It's very easy and pleasant for you to talk to me about dispersing quietly; but where shall I disperse to?"

"Why, where do you belong—where do you live, when you're at home?"

"No where."—"Watchy," said Jimmy, solemnly, "I understand the regulations of cities. It is in vain you attempt to impose upon me, Watchy, I know it to be your duty to find me comfortable lodgings for the night, and the sooner you do so, the better for yourself and the more pleasant for me."

"I'll take you to the watch-house, if you like, sonny, and you'll be very comfortable, I warrant you."

"Ha! do I live to hear such an infamous proposition! The watch house! Square yourself, warmunt, and mind your eye, for the fist is clenched that shall pulverise thee!"

"Ah, now, sonny, you wouldn't, would you! Why you'll make brick dust from Brandywine out of me, if you are so sevagerous."

"Sir," said Jimmy, crawling to his feet, "By nature I am mild as a brandy toddy with nutmeg in it. The world—the world, sir, for thirty years has been rubbing me against the grain, and there is but little of the Robook gentleness remaining. Let me alone, or I'll chaw you up before you can spell beans!"

"Look'ee Robeck—I'm a little nigger, but my back is up. The city of Philadelphia is comprised in my frame at present, and if you don't submit extrumpery, you're a gone gosling."

"You don't say so! Well, be gentle—be careful of me; and, rather than disagree with Philadelphia, I'm your prisoner. Fined.—*Pennsylvanian.*"

STEAM BOAT RACING—and Disaster.—The practice of racing steamboats, we regret to say, still continues—fearful, indeed do we consider it, and happy should we be, to find, either that the law or public opinion would cause it entirely to cease. The lives of our citizens should not thus be sported with. The North America and the Erie started, as nearly as possible, at the same moment on Tuesday morning, and after proceeding a mile or two up the river, at great speed, neither having the advantage, the Erie was suddenly arrested by the parting of her wheel-rope which had nearly caused her to go ashore. She, however, got again under way, and proceeded about five miles further, when her shaft snapt, with very unpleasant results. One of her engines is said to be almost ruined; the upper and lower part of her cylinder broken so as not to admit of repair—as are also the braces, connecting rods &c. Accidents like this ought undoubtedly to induce the proprietors to give such orders as will effectually put a stop to this dangerous practice.—*Advocate and Journal.*

PEALE'S MUSEUM.—The celebrated ventriloquist Mr. SUTTON, is engaged to perform for four nights at Peale's Museum, previous to his leaving the country. It will therefore be the last opportunity afforded us of witnessing an exhibition of the singular art of ventriloquism by one of the most extraordinary professors of it.

well as in quantity of matter, the readers are amply repaid the low price of three dollars per annum,; at which it is afforded them. It seems, more designed for those physicians who are in actual practice, than for the general readers; for those who seek such information as will avail them at the bed-side of the patient. Each number contains sixteen large octavo pages, making eight hundred and thirty-two a year. Clapp & Hull are the publishers, and Dr. Robbins the editor.—*Ib*

A MR. LEWIS BERRY, (a very appropriate name by the way,) of Portland, has adopted the New-York and Philadelphia practice of displaying at the windows, coffins for all sizes and ages. There is we believe in Philadelphia a sign over the work shop of a cabinet maker of a *cradle* and *coffin*. This leads to meditation. There stands a man equally ready to accommodate one into the world, or to accommodate one out of it.—*Ib*

An Irishman, travelling towards Boston, a short time since, when about to leave a village, honestly anquired if he should "turn that bridge over, and take up his left hand road."

SMALT FISHING
AS PRACTISED IN BOSTON.

Mr. Editor: *December* 1841.

As you were good enough to give a place to a communication of mine some time since upon "Fishing and Shooting at Cape Cod," and to say that I should be welcome in future, I send you a sketch of smelt fishing as it is practised in Boston and vicinity.

This may be called the poetry of angling, inasmuch as it is free from those accompaniments of wet clothes, muddy feet, cold bloody hands, which are apt to, shock the amateur—the gentleman I mean, who having read Isaac Walton, is seized with a desire of becoming a "gentle brother of the angle"—to arrive at which consummation, he equips himself in fishing jacket, cap, and gaiters, London rod, reel, landing net, &c., and a whole regiment of what are called, by courtesy, flies, which have not a place in any system of entomology extant, but which the knowing vender tells him are the right thing. He proceeds to some pond or ditch, the very sight of which would be the death of any fish of taste. At the first cast he catches the tail of his coat; at the second he snaps off his fly, at the third, he leaves his bottom length at the top of a neighboring tree. The re can't be any trout here he thinks, so he proceeds to bait fishing—this succeeds better, inasmuch as he catches two shiners and a horned pout, who grievously wounds his fingers, and hooks a turtle, who robs him of half his line.

But apropos des bottes, to return to our subject. As the extent of our republic is so great, that the fish and game of one section of it, may be entirely unknown to the inhabitants of another, I will say that a smelt is a fish of five or ten inches long, of a slender form, and silvery color, looking when just drawn up, like a bar of bullion. If he is goodly to look upon, he is no less toothsome to the taste, being the very ortolan or grassi of fishes. Fry him brown, and swallow him whole—you will find no bones to trouble you if you make none.

But perhaps it would be more in order to catch our fish before we eat him, at least Mrs. Glasse recommends it, so to that proceed—

This amiable fish frequents our shores during the fall and winter months. In the latter season he runs up the rivers to spawn, but he affords sport to the angler, from September to December. At this time, our wharves and docks are crowded with anglers of all sorts, sizes, and colors, and in no kind of fishing is the effect of skill and good tackle more evident; why re one man catches six fish, his next neighbor may catch six dozen. I have known twelve dozen killed in one tide by one sportsman, but he was a right good one. I myself, with one other, killed seven dozen in two hours one cold morning in November.

A light fly rod is useless for this sport, your line of silk or grass. Running tackle is not essential, but every one skipper will use it, on account of its superior neatness and convenience. The main thing is the disposition of the hooks, which should be from four to ten in number, each hook whipped on a strong bristle, and attached to the snood (which is of gimp) by a little swivel of bone or ivory, so that it may turn freely in any direction, observing that the hook stands at right angles with the snood—this is to prevent so many hooks from entangling. A large cork float, well pointed, is to be used—the best bait is the minnow—though the angle worm is used, or better still a smelt's throat. You will have a small tin kettle, with the cover pierced with holes, for your baits, and a creel strapped to your back for your fish.

Being thus appointed, you arrive on the ground at young flood, if a frosty morning so much the better; bait each of your hooks with a minnow, passing it carefully under the back fin, so as to allow him to play freely—graduate your float so as to fish at mid water, often drawing up your line and letting it sink again. When your float goes under water, give a moments time, and then strike him with a gentle turn of the wrist, which is much more killing than the furious twitches with some delight in. In this way you may catch two or three smelts at once, and a lady might kill her dozen of fish without soiling her flounces. This, although not so exciting as killing dandies, might still do by way of variety. WALTON, Jr.

Turf Reg.

TAMING AND TICKLING FISH.

MR. EDITOR: *August* 15, 1832.

The following communication I fear will severely test your credulity, but the facts are so well sustained by the undersigned gentleman of character and veracity, that scepticism itself would be metamorphosed into full credence.

A gentleman, Mr.——, of Cumberland Co. Va., has a pond well replenished with what are denominated here the James River or North Carolina Club; they are a voracious fish in disposition, like the pike or Jack. They feed on almost every kind of fish, which they devour greedily, and exterminate, like pirates, every fish that dares to cut the liquid waters in their sovereign and aquatic jurisdiction.

I was at the house of the gentleman above mentioned, and by a singular whistle, and one peculiar to himself, he can call up every fish, little and big, of the club kind; to the margin of his pond, where he feeds them with minnows, frogs, worms, &c., and they are so docile and so well tamed, that their owner can pass around his pond, and allured by his whistle, they will play in gambols, and follow him in his circle. He can after feeding them, and they are disposed to ruminate, tickle their sides while they are suspended, apparently dosing on the surface of the pond. This singular phenomenon approaches near the fulfilment of the prediction contained in Holy Writ:

> That the stern and lion at one crib shall meet
> And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
> The smiling infant in its hands shall take
> The crested basilisk and speckled snake, &c.
>
> *See Pope's Messiah or Sacred Eclogue.*

They are a very delicious pan fish, and are much esteemed in Virginia by epicures and amateurs of all good things. WM. D. POPE.

The facts set forth in the above communication contain the whole truth.

BENJAMIN FRANCISCO, M. D.
SAMUEL WALKER, *all of Va.*

NEW-ORLEANS, Sept. 18.—*Murder.*—We have heard of no less than four murders on Saturday; two, however, appear to be somewhat doubtful.—The first was that of a young man by the name of Baylie, who was attacked by another young man named Serapura at the Exchange, on Saturday morning, with a cowhide and spring knife, with which he inflicted a large wound in the lower part of the abdomen, cutting the intestines.—Baylie lingered until Sunday morning, when he expired. A negro man, belonging to Mr. John Richardson, Conti-street, killed in cold blood, and with little or no provocation, his fellow servant Washington a valuable mulatto slave, also the property of Mr. Richardson, with a large butcher knife, which entered the neck and came out at the shoulder. He expired instantaneously. The murderer is in prison.

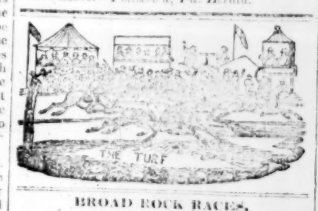
SWEARING BY A TWISE-HAND.—A straightforward witness, (a lace-maker or twister-hand) whose evidence before the court, and when taken before the committing magistrate, slightly varied, said to the learned judge that he could swear he saw the prisoner at work, about the hour when the robbery with which he stood charged was committed, if it were legal to swear through glass, there being a window between them.

> Witness—If I should swear, through glass,
> my Lord,
> Would that be any sin?
> Judge—Through glass, you rogue! upon
> my word,
> You'd swear through thick and thin.

IN WANT OF A HUSBAND.—A young lady was lately told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off the Passaic Falls into the ocean beneath, than marry. The young lady replied, "I wouldn't thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom." It is barely possible that some poor husband may have taken refuge there.

The British Government paid a Capt. Thomas £5,000 for the freight to Quebec, of twenty-four 24 pounders, designed for a battery on the Lakes during the last war. A contract was then made at £500 for their transfer up to the Lakes on the ice—the contractor underlet for £500, clearing by his job of no work, £4,000. The whole expense of transporting these guns was £29,000 or $118,181. Within three days after their arrival on the Lakes, they were in the possession of the Yankees, who took them without paying freight charges, or even the original cost, and who were so rude as not to thank the British Minister for the trouble and expense he had been at in furnishing twenty-four excellent guns for their use.

The lads of our borough a few evenings since attached a lantern to a kite, and elevated it to a very great height in the air—the wind blowing from the southwest, consequently the light was seen north-east, the point in which the comet is to be seen. It gave rise to much speculation among many of our neighbors—some thought it really was the comet, rapidly descending to the earth—others were unable to say what it was, but thought it ominous of no good. To those who have not yet heard what it was, we tell them that it was nothing more or less than what we have stated above.—*Pottsboro, Pa. Herald.*



BROAD ROCK RACES.

FIRST DAY, Sept. 25.—Owing to frequent showers, the track to-day was wet and heavy, and prevented that concourse of spectators which has usually thronged this favorite course. The racing, however, was of a high order, and afforded much satisfaction to those present; the following are the results.

FIRST RACE.

Wm R Johnson's s.s. c. by Tonson, dam Betsey Robinson,	1 1
J. M. Botts's Extract, by Hotspur,	4 2
Jas. J. Harrison's b. c. by Tonson,	3 3
Time, 1st heat 4m. 5s.—2d heat 4m. 6s.	2 4

CROSS RACE.

J. M. Botts's s. f. Polly Mason, by Gohanna,	1 1
Wm. Wynn's b. c. by Tonson,	2 2
Time, 1st heat, 4m. 12s.—2d heat, 4m. 16s.	

SECOND DAY. *Proprietor's purse, 2 mile heats.* Notwithstanding the track was quite heavy from the yesterday's rain, this was one of the most beautiful contests ever seen on the course.

Nullifier, in the 1st heat, ran at random and unkindly; he fiddly bolted and was doubly distanced; but the heat being declared a dead one between Mr. Botts's Jemima and Dr. Minge's Bolingbroke, he was permitted to start again. In this heat, Nullifier forgot his "wild phantasies," and "did the gentlest thing," by coming in ahead about two feet, beating Bolingbroke—Jemima in reserve. Bolingbroke, to do him justice, lost little of his renown in this match, as a "good 'un to go;" but after a brief consultation among his backers, it was determined to withdraw him.

In the *third heat*, the beautiful Jemima, who was held up in the *second*, added new laurels to her name, and after a desperate struggle for "the honor of her house," came in ahead, beating the gallant Nullifier by nearly half a length.

The *fourth heat* was the "real kill-'em John," and was by far the most interesting, every inch being contested so closely that even the "knowing ones" were at fault. Jemima displayed that fast and bottom for which she is so celebrated, and the "mare was thought the better horse," by not a few of the immense concourse that surrounded the stands. She made play with a grace and action which many feared the generous and high bred Nullifier could hardly withstand. After running neck and neck almost throughout the whole distance, as they came near the umpires' stand, Nullifier by an immense effort, jilted his fair partner, coming in ahead by about three feet. We subjoin the results:—

Mr. Johnson's Nullifier,	0	1	2	1
Mr. Botts's Gemima,	0	3	1	2
Dr. Minge's Bolingbroke,	0	2	3	dr.
Mr. Doswell's Traffic,	0	4	dis.	

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 58s.—3m. 57s.—1m. 3s.

The fine appearance of the horses reflected much credit on the grooms, fully displaying the excellence of their training; and the riders elicited much praise for their exquisite skill and management throughout the "dubious contest."

THIRD DAY—*Jockey Club Purse* $500—mile heats. The number of spectators this day, was not so great as the previous one, but the sport was fine, and every thing went off with *eclat*. The only circumstance calculated to mar the pleasures of the day, was an unfortunate mistake, by the boy riding Mattaponi, who forgetting himself, drew up at the end of the second mile, and was of course distanced. The racing excited considerable interest and we are informed some "small change" shifted hands. The results are annexed:—

Mr. Johnson's Andrew,	1 1
Mr. White's Mattaponi,	5 dist.
Mr. Robt Bates Graves,	4 3
Mr D swell's Eliza Winston,	3 2
Mr. Garrison's Polly Bonnet,	2 dist.

Time, 1m. 57s.—3m. 55s.

Throughout the whole Meeting we are pleased to observe that nothing occurred of a character adverse to that of high minded, honorable gentlemen composing the Club, and the numerous lovers of the "Sports of the Turf," who by their presence, gave life and animation to the brilliant concourse, which graced the festivities of the occasion.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We invite the attention of all lovers of the "SPORTS OF THE TURF," and our readers generally to the following summarial Sporting Intelligence in the different States, which we copy from the October No. of the American Turf Register, with the assurance that all will find it worthy a perusal.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The magnificent Clara Fisher, unfortunate in the moment when victory was more than half won,—Bertrand, Jr. of fame untarnished by defeat,—Little Venus, who, though little, has shown that no *trifle* can beat her,—Mary Francis, Mackie John, Jr. and others, have revived for the southern turf the glorious epoch of Black Maria, Alphonsine, Lottery, Bertrand, Crusader, and are backed now, as then with unbroken spirit, by the M'Phersons, the Finkneys, the Washingtons, Hamptons, Allstons, Singletons, Richardsons, Symms, and others, of their descendants; men and horses worthy of their distinguished ancestry.

For the great trial between Bertrand and Andrew, and Little Venus and the Bonnets, the *race* has been changed by consent of parties, and it is to take place at *Columbia* on the 23d and 24th of January next—four miles and repeat, each carrying, according to the terms of the challenge, one hundred pounds. The proverbial chivalry and hospitality of the southern spectators, the fame of the horses, the mildness of the season in that region, the *tout ensemble* of the crowded and animated course, with its glorious associations for the lover of the turf, conspire to ensure the highest enjoyment to those who can seize the enviable opportunity of mixing in such an assemblage of truly choice spirits—biped and quadruped.

We can only wish them, what they are sure to find, "a fair field and no favor;" and hope that the event may turn upon a fair trial of speed and bottom, without accident or misfortune to either.

It may be supposed, that the regular races at Columbia will be postponed until after these matches, to give time for competitors who will have contributed so much to the public amusement, to contend for the regular prizes offered by the club.

An effort was made to get Bertrand, Jr. for the great post stake on the Central course the last of this month: but his owner, conscious and proud of his worth, closed his hand against the offer of 4000 Spanish dollars.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

This gallant state, it would seem, is not disposed like an old miser, to lock up all her *gold*.—She comes out boldly, and throws down the gauntlet for a cool thousand entrance, on the new track at Raleigh, on the 1st of *Monsieur Tonson*. Friends of Timoleon—Sir Charles—Gohanna—what say ye?

It is proposed, that in the spring of the year 1835, a stallion stake of $1000 each entry, be raised and run for by three year old colts and fillies, over the Raleigh turf, a track recently established, and deemed to be more central to the states most interested in the raising of blood horses than any other—three or more to make a race. Entry to be made to the secretary of the said club, and to close on the 1st day of January, 1833.

The get of Monsieur Tonson is entered, and modestly invites competition.

Milton, Caswell Co., N. C., May 22, 1832.

VIRGINIA.

The public will be gratified to learn that the English stallions LUZBOROUGH and FYLDE, selected by one of the most accomplished judges in Virginia, have arrived at Petersburg. For the next number we are promised a brief memoir of these horses. Fylde was so lame and disordered, as to be obliged to be left at Newmarket, near Petersburg, and at one time his recovery was despaired of; fortunately, however, he is now fairly on the mend. His death, it may be supposed, would have been a heavy loss to the country as well as to his owners.

Our correspondent says, "I have not yet seen *Fylde*, but never saw a better horse than *Luzborough* in my opinion, and I have seen many, and amongst them Sir Archy and Virginian. Luzborough is not so striking a horse, except to a judge, as some I have seen. Fylde is very striking and grand, I am told. Luzborough won twenty four times, and is of the very best stock in the world."

Of these horses Mr. Tattersall writes, "It is admitted on all hands, that two such horses ought not to leave the king-dom."

The sweepstakes to be run over the Fairfield course on the third Tuesday of this month, will afford a grand display of the colts, equal to any in the Union, *eight of them being distinguished winners*, to wit: Tobacconist, Herr Cline, Williamson's b. c. by Archy, Al Ghee's b. c. by Archy, Anvil, Florida, Douglas, Pizarro, Cornelia, and Black Hawk.

Second day, proprietor's purse, $300.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, $800—no discount.

Fourth day, sweepstakes, four subscribers.

In this state the price of real "good uns" keeps up at a high notch. Mr. Roane's beautiful g. filly, Mary Randolph by Gohanna, lately sold for $2500, "*ready rhino*." It will be remembered that last spring at Trechill, she beat Tobacconist, also by Gohanna, who was sold for $3000, in two heats—1m. 53s. and 1m. 57s.

We are pleased to hear that the rich old plains of Brandon are again to give pasture to horses of the pure blood. A group of them will add an interesting feature to its landscape, and give the finish that was perhaps wanting to complete the fine picture of rural taste and independence.

The bills of fare for *Trechill* on the first, and for *Newmarket* on the second Monday of this month, it is all-sufficient to say, present more than their usual attractions. Those who wish to see what is serving out good to men and horses—had better be there and thereabouts.

MARYLAND

Is taking her stand on a footing that must insure her the high reputation she enjoyed in the time of the Taylors, the Ridgelys, the Formans, the Lloyds, the Duckets, the Bowies, &c. &c. &c. A few young gentlemen of fortune, with equal sagacity and spirit, have not stopped at the highest figure for the best blood—and it is the presence of such that will best prove. To Maryland now belongs a moiety or the whole of Polly Hopkins, Sally Walker, Betsey Robinson, Kate Kearney, Florida, the Duke of Orleans, Sussex, Dashall, and others. In a few years the state will of itself afford materials for the finest display of equestrian power on the Central and other courses.

We understand there are fifteen nags in the training stables at the Central course, being put in condition by William Alexander, who will be sure to find out all they are good for.

On the Eastern shore of this state, where there are so many good judges of horses, and every man a good rider from his cradle, and where horses are so cheaply raised and so easily sent to the best markets, there is much disposition and much timidity about going into the business of rearing thorough bred horses. They are half inclined to venture, but rather more than half inclined to hold back. These are the sort of people that sit on the bank until the river runs by.

On the 21st ult. they formed a club, in regard to which, looking at the officers, the best augury may be made, if there be any thing in name and character. The following persons were unanimously chosen:

Col. Thomas Emory, President; Edward N. Hambleton, 1st Vice President; Col. Ezekiel Richardson, 2d do; Samuel T. Kennard, Treasurer; A. Graham, Secretary; Stewards, Dr. John Rogers, P. F. Thomas, Martin Goldsborough, Edward O. Martin, C. H. Tilghman.

Their races will commence on Wednesday the 24th inst. at Easton, and continue three days.

☞ Many have called for separate stakes for *Maryland* colts, saying there would be no want of entries; only clear the field, said they, of southern skill and experience. Well, one was opened—what is the result? So far, not a single entry! It's easy to *talk!*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Col. M'Carty, now proprietor of the Washington course, advertises very respectable purses, to wit: For the *second day*, (17th of this month) two mile heats, $250.

Third day, three mile heats, $300.

Fourth day, four mile heats, $500.

Besides a sweepstakes on the *first day*, (Tuesday, Oct. 16) for three year olds—four entries.—And on the same day match for $1000, between Mr. Fairfax's horse Gracchus, and Mr. Boyce's horse by Eclipse, two mile heats, each four years old.

Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the neighboring counties in Virginia, ought to insure great sport every year on that old, and once so celebrated course.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The club at Lancaster expires this autumn, and it is said will not be revived. The Legislature, in its grave wisdom, prohibits not *trotting matches*, where all sorts of people are collected, and where horses go in a particular gait, at the rate of a mile in 2m. 30s.—but they punish as a crime, regular races, strictly ruled by gentlemen, where horses move in another gait at the rate of a mile in 1m. 55s. and will then sell for several thousand dollars. In short, by the prohibition of racing they secure its profits as a monopoly to the rich, who can *keep* their horses in the state and carry them to another state for trial; whilst all the nibbling farmers are denied these advantages of the means of having their horses tested, and of a market at home. This wise prohibitory law shuts out two hundred thousand dollars a year from the state at the least; for there is no position so favorable as that middle ground between Maryland and Virginia on one side, and New-York and New-Jersey on the other. North there a good, roomy, well formed, sprightly mare of common blood in the state, that by a thorough bred horse would not bring a valuable saddle or harness horse.

Sir Peter Teazle.—Pennsylvania cannot afford to lose any of her little reputation for adding, by importation, to the thorough bred stock of the United States, and therefore puts in her claim for importing "Honest John," one of the sons of Sir Peter, and a winner on the British turf.

General Irvine, of that state, is breeding from Eagle, a son of Honest John, and grandson of Sir Peter Teazle.

NEW-YORK.

This "great state" is indebted to Mr. Jackson, first for letting with Yankee genius the cracksmen of England on their own turf, and more for having walked over from England two of their first class thoroughbreds, to give a new cross to the American turf horse. Whether that state is to be the field of their glory by the propagation of their like, we know not. It may be reasonably expected, that through the American Turf Register, the sporting public will be favored with full memoirs and faithful portraits of Ludborough and Fylde, as well as of Hedgford and Autocrat, which are already in hand. Autocrat is the name of "the magnificent gray horse" late the property of the Earl of Derby.

Autocrat is ten years old, 16 1-2 hands high—he was got by Grand Duke, dam Olivetta, by Sir Oliver.

Of Hedgford we find the following mention made in the Birmingham Herald—our readers may expect ample information in regard to all these horses.

"Mr. Beardsworth has sold the horse Hedgford, for a very large sum to Mr. Jackson, the gentleman who brought those celebrated horses, Tom Thumb and Rattler, from America, where he intends taking shortly. It appears this gentleman is determined to excel as much in racing as he has done in trotting, if we may judge from his having selected Hedgford, and the price he has given for him. It is much to be regretted that such a horse should be sent out of the kingdom; as independent of his being one of the best bred, he is decidedly one of the finest horses in England. He is by Filho da Puta, or Magistrate, out of Miss Cragie, (the dam of Birmingham,) six years old, 16 1-2 hands high, with muscular power not surpassed by any horse in the kingdom. His color a rich dark brown, with black legs. He has been a great winner of stakes and cups."

TENNESSEE.

In this state the largest sweepstake has been gotten up that perhaps has ever been run for in this country—foals of 1832 to run autumn '35, three miles and repeat, entrance $500 each, p. p. closed 1st June last; to this there are twenty-five subscribers, making $12,500. We observe among them the g. c. of Pacific, Young Virginian, Sir Henry, Sir Richard, Stockholder, Crusader, Sir Charles, Monsieur Tonson, Bertrand, Hiazin, Archy, and *eleven of the get of Leviathan.*

Extract to the Editor, dated Nashville, Tenn. There is much curiosity here, and at the south, to know who "An Old Turfman" is. When inquiry is made of me, I say he is an Englishman, bred in view of Newmarket. Who he is, is no secret in New York. W. W.

At Nashville, things are conducted on a magnificent scale. Their races commence on the 8th of the month with a sweepstakes of eight subscribers, and lasts for six days. Mr. Long the proprietor, anticipates the "finest sport from the present appearances, that ever was on the turf," and from what we know of the material, theatre, actors, and machinery, we should prophecy that he does not count without his host. but PANTON, as we trust, will tell us more about it.

OHIO

The spirit for improving the existing race of horses, and a fondness for the noble sports of the turf, are spreading rapidly over the fertile fields of Ohio. Clubs are being got up, and courses in the way of being established in various parts of the state.

TROTTING MATCH.—On Saturday, a trotting match took place at the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, between COLUMBUS and PILOT, two mile heats and repeat, for $500, under the saddle.

The following is the performance of Columbus, the winning horse:

1st mile, 3 m. 43 sec.	3d mile, 2m. 46 sec.
1st heat, 5 25	2d heat, 5 31

This was the first of three matches for which Pilot is engaged. The two others are with Sally Miller and Bull Calf.—*U. S. Gaz.*

A FIELD RELISH FOR SPORTSMEN.—Take a fine round of beef, four ounces of saltpetre, three quarters of an ounce of allspice; rub it well on the beef, and let it stand twenty-four hours; then rub in as much coarse salt as will salt it. Lay it by twelve days, turning it every day; then put it into a pan, such as large pies are baked in, with three or four pounds of beef suet, some under, some over. Cover it with a thick crust, and bake it for six hours. It will keep for two months. It is called sportsmen's beef; and most excellent it is.

P. S. A slice of it in a fox-hunter's pocket, stands but a slim chance when he comes to a bad loss, or his game is killed, or goes to earth at 9 or 10 o'clock.

SINGULAR FANCY OF A DOG.—An anecdote, which has been confirmed on the best authority, was mentioned at Union Hall on Friday: it related to a dog which for nine years has been a constant attender at all the fires in the metropolis.—He is known to all the firemen of London; and let a fire occur at any hour of the day or night, he is sure to be in the thick of the throng, and a constant attendant on the engines. He claims no particular matter, but the moment an alarm of fire is given, runs off as if by instinct, to the scene of hustle. He is also a constant attendant at the anniversary dinner of the firemen, whom he follows in their processions, and partakes with a hearty appetite of the good things which are given to him. He is known by the name of Tyke.—*London paper.*

The following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine:

To General Washington.—SIR: I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is to be found in the book I send to you.

I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

T. ERSKINE.

London, March 15, 1797.

A musical amateur in France has challenged all the whistlers of Europe to produce as much noise with one instrument as he can make with his mouth. It is said that he is coming to England, where he has been engaged by the director of the French Theatre.—*Le Creole.*

A CARD.

NEW-YORK GYMNASIUM, No. 29 ANN-STREET.

W. FULLER begs leave to remind gentlemen returning from the country, and particularly those whose pursuits require close application, that the surest method of retaining the health and vigor which a sojourn in, and the amusements of, the country may have given them, is by having daily recourse to some active bodily exercise, which is likewise the best safe-guard against attacks of the pestilence which still lurks in our city.

The institution he has the pleasure of conducting affords every facility and convenience for attaining objects so desirable, and he begs that they will take an opportunity of examining it for themselves. To his subscribers he presents his compliments, and hopes that they will be general and regular in their attendance.

P. S. Fencing and Sparring upon the most approved principles taught at the Gymnasium.

"Elements of Gymnastics," by Wm. Fuller, price 25 cents. Oct. 6.

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 WATTS STREET.

GEORGE S. WAITE, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf and Gold Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE Manager has the honor to announce to the public that the Theatre will open THIS EVENING, Saturday Sept 6th, with the admired Opera of CENERENTOLA—being the first of the thirty-five performances originally announced.

The Box Book is now open, where seats may be secured. Places [illegible] which may be engaged [illegible] by parties or families.

Seats [illegible]

The Manager has the honor to announce that he has finally succeeded [illegible] tations for the purpose of carrying out [illegible] lishing the Tableaux Scenery and Wardrobe, he will give a series of thirty-five representations in the course of the three months of October, November and December—which will be opened with one of the finest productions of the celebrated Rossini, LA CENERENTOLA.—This Opera will be brought out in all the purity and splendor of the original, and will call forth the talents of the following Vocal and Instrumental performers.

CHARACTERS

Prince Ramiro,	Sign. G. B. Montresor.
Don Magnifico,	Sign. Ernesto Orlandi.
Dandini, "	Sign. L. Formasari.
Cenerentola,	Signora Albina Stella.
Cleonda, "	Signora L. Marozzi.
Tisbe, "	Signora T. Verducci.
Audoro, "	Sign. Placi.

Chorus of Noblemen &c. &c.

Maestro Director of the Opera, Signor A. Bagioli. Maestro Leader of the Chorusses Sign'r C. Sabloni. Leader of the Orchestra and first Violin, Signor Michele Rappetti.

Signor Schmidt,	Violin.
" Croce,	Violin.
" Conti,	Violin.
" Mayers,	Violin.
" Dumasant,	Violin.
" Able,	Viola.
" Lannive,	Viola.
" Crochini,	Contra Basso.
" Hutet,	Violoncello.
" Pagni,	Primo Oboe.
" Conti,	Secondo Oboe.
" Garthenghi,	Bassoon.
" Piottes,	Flute.
" Guiliand,	Primo clarionet.
" Schutter,	Secondo "
" Nidds,	First Horn.
" ———	Second Horn.
" Cioffi,	Trombone.
" Nelson,	Trumpet.

The Scenery has been planned and executed by Sign. *Mario Bragaldi*, Scene Painter.

The Wardrobe under the direction of Sign. Alberto Bazzani, Principal Costumer.

The Manager has in preparation the much admired Opera of *Elisir d'Amore* of the celebrated Merchandante which with other Operas to be hereafter determined upon, will complete the catalogue of Operas to be given in the course of the first season. Due notice will be given of the first appearance of Signora Pedrotti, Prima Donna Seria and Signor Giuseppe Corsetti, Basso, and Signor Sappiniti, Tenore.

Seats and private boxes taken at the Treasurer's office, Theatre. First and Second row of boxes, one dollar fifty cents. Orchestral seats, one dollar fifty cents. Third tier of boxes and pit, one dollar. Carriages will drive in at the great entrance from Varick street, and pass out through the Portal into Charlton street. Half-past six doors to be opened, and Overture to commence at half-past seven o'clock precisely.

☞ All places taken are to be paid for at the time of subscribing, which will be secured to the owner during the whole performance and not as customary until the end of the first act.

☞ Persons desiring to secure private boxes for the season, as well as Season Tickets, both for the first and second tier of Boxes, and the Orchestra Seats, will please apply to the Manager, at the Box Office, where every facility will be afforded them that can possibly be required. s29

TRIAL OF SPEED,

AND EXHIBITION OF COLTS.

WILL commence on the 11th of October First day, a purse of $200, four miles and repeat. Second day, a purse of $150, three miles and repeat. On the same day, at 11 o'clock, there will be a Silver Cup awarded to the best blooded yearling and two-year old colts, calculated for the Turf. A like Cup to the best yearling and two year old colts, calculated for saddle and quick draught. Third day, a purse of $100, two miles and repeat. On the same day, a purse of $100, for a run for by untried three year olds, that shall not have previously won a purse.

It is the wish of the Managers of the Association, that the breeders of Horses should exhibit as many of their brood mares and colts as may be convenient, and the owners of Stallions are invited to exhibit them. Arrangements will be made for their reception on the field, on the morning of the 2d day's race.

By order of the O. C. Association for the improvement of the Breed of Horses.

Wheeling, Sept. 26, 1832.

BOOKSTORE REMOVED.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully notifies his friends and customers, particularly Booksellers and Pedlers, that he has leased the splendid stores on the corner of Fourth and Wood-streets, Pittsburgh, formerly occupied by S. P. Darlington, Esq. where he will at all times have for sale an extensive assortment of BOOKS at *Eastern Prices.*

Now on hand an extensive collection of Theological, Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books, —Blank Books in every variety. Playing Cards at manufacturer's prices. Paper Hangings, Writing and Wrapping paper.

MAPS of the United States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, &c. for sale at low prices.

ENGRAVINGS.—Just received 5 Cases of French and English Engravings, forming a complete assortment.

Also CAPS, by the Case, Dozen, or Single.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 1832.

PRINTS, FANCY STATIONERY,

SCHOOL-BOOKS, VISITING & PLAYING CARDS.

ENGRAVINGS of every kind constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 205 Division street.

Also, on hand a general assortment of

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.

BY J. M. FIELD, ESQ.

Sam Patch is done! his thread is spun,
A spirit now is he!
His body drowned, was never found,
But lies in Genesee.

His sires of old, true men and bold,
For shell-fish often went:
The death of fame, to which he came,
Declares his *high descent!*

In early youth, but few in truth
Had still to equal Sam's;
Himself and rake did many take
Of oysters and of clams.

And often crabs and lobsters red,
With great *c-claw* he caught;
Yet *crabbed* though he was in trade,
Good-humored he was thought.

But trade grew bad, and Sam grew sad,
And sought for something new;
And wicked *spirits* filled his head,
Whenever he *got blue*.

So no great wonder 'twas to hear
Some plan of lofty feature,
Should seize a man whose *spirits* were
Of such an *ardent* nature!

Great crowds of men, and women too
All in the summer's heat,
With nimble foot did run to view
Sam's very nimble *feat!*

And still more loud their praises rang
Each time he came up sound
They swore, that if not born to hang,
He never could be drown'd!

But now it happ'd, oh doleful thing!
In midst of all his pride,
That Sam, alas, was tied to spring
Once more into the tide.

And all who had the legs to run,
Set off to view with glee,
Sam strip, and draw his *check* upon
The *bank* of Genesee!

Alas! some score of yards or more
Of a descent did frown;
Right well could he run *up* a score—
But this was to run down.

Yet boldly did he stand in sight,
With heart and sinews tough;
All covered with his draw'rs of white,
To wisely save his *buff!*

And thrice upon the sun he looked,
And thrice upon the wave;
And thought how soundly he'd be ducked,
And waxed exceeding grave.

The river's rage the heart of Sam
Some little did appal,
For though it fell not o'er a *dam*,
It was a *damned* fall!

Besides, a natural thought arose—
"To be or not to be?"
His "sea of troubles" soon might close,
Which troubled him to see.

But now the crowd which there had run,
Cared not to hear in a prose;
And so to hint he *hadn't* gone—
They cried out, "There he goes!"

In sooth, his was a fearful trade,
But 'twouldn't to do to shun;
And so his *scruples* he outweighed,
By taking off a *dram*.

Then off he sprang towards the wave,
Like arrow cut the space—
And disappeared—while all declared
That Sammy was "a case!"

And so it chanc'd! 'twas vain to look,
Death came their fears to crown;
And straightway some were drown'd in tears,
To think that Sam should drown.

The current ran as wild a race
As did it e'er he fell;
Nor left a ripple on its face,
The grave of Sam to tell!

Oh Sammy Patch! oh Sammy Patch!
Right cruel is thy fate;
That you should now make bait for fish—
Who oft have fished for bait!

The greatest heroes in their fall
Cannot with thee compete,
In your descent you beat them all,
By full an *hundred feet!*

Now proper 'tis that I should tell,
How mighty since he died
His restless ghost is seen to dwell,
Around the restless tide;

All clothed in his draw'rs of white,
And in his shirt of check;
A bottle also has the sprite
Of spirits round its neck!

And right above the fatal brink,
In very dismal tones;
Upon a rock 'twill sit and drink,
And whistle "Sammy Jones!"

But just before the morning breaks,
It screams a dreary scream;
Then draws the cork, a swig it takes,
And plunges in the stream!

And now you doubtless will suppose
That 'tis a proper time,
To end along with Patch's woes,
My very woeful rhyme:

So God bless ye who hear me sing,
And may we one and all,
Unlike to Sam, live through the *spring*,
Nor perish in the *fall!*

Mirror

Two artillery men lately deserted from Halifax, Nova Scotia, taking with them from the Ordnance wharf, a fine boat belonging to government, valued at upwards of £100. This craft, sent out from England, and capable of withstanding the dangers of the ocean, had been specially fitted out on a previous evening for a summer excursion by some officers, and well provided with all the substantials and superfluities requisite on such an occasion. The surprise, amazement, and rage of the intended voyagers may be imagined on discovering, the following morning, they were sans eatables, sans drinkables, sans boat, sans everything, and that their pleasure consisted wholly in anticipation. The scoundrels are supposed to have sailed for the States with their well victualled vessel, glorifying, no doubt, in their achievement, and the cheering prospect of a successful cruise.—*Picton Observer.*

ROCHESTER, Sept. 28.—*The Railroad*, between the Erie Canal and the head of navigation on Genesee River, was yesterday opened for passengers. The pleasure carriages were for the first time placed on the tracks. The *Grig* and the *Duncan*, which headed the line made a beautiful appearance; and all the conveyances were crowded with citizens, many of whom afterwards partook of a sumptuous entertainment prepared in Mathies' customary style at the Clinton House. The road is not quite finished to the Landing at Capt. Trowbridge's—the Cars stop at present at North Rochester Hotel—a situation overlooking some handsome scenery below the lower falls.

NEW SYSTEM OF PUNCTUATION.—At a dinner table, a short time since, one of these nondescripts called a dandy, was seated at the top, and a honest plain dealing farmer at the bottom. During dinner time, a great many affectedly polite speeches were made by the fop, and a great many coarse ones by the farmer. When cheese was introduced, the dandy in an affectedly mincing tone, asked the company whether they preferred the *pure or impure?* On asking the farmer this question, the old man replied—"Hang your *pure* or *impure*, give me some of the *musty*." "Sir," says the dandy, "I must beg leave to tell you that you have made many very insolent speeches during dinner; and sir, if I hear any repetition of your insolence, I shall place my thumb and finger on each side of your nose, and make a parenthesis of it." "*A parenthesis!* shall you?" says the old man; "then I shall put my fist in your face, and make a *full stop!*"

"THE LATEST FASHION."—A person somewhat in arrears, recently directed the purchaser of the U. S. Telegraph to discontinue his paper, for reasons therein given. The publisher thanks his patron for his *candor*, and says he will stop when he 'pays up;' and for fear he may forget it, declares his intention to place the notice among the advertisements, "marked *'t.p.'* which means, 'to be published until paid.'"

Two sportsmen occupied themselves on Sunday evening, near town, in the novel amusement of shooting at one another. It was load, run and fire for some time, when finally both were shot, one pretty severely, and they desisted. Much skill and science were displayed on both sides, and the combat maintained with perfect *nonchalance*.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

HALF-BOARDERS.—A tradesman in the city lately complained to the mistress of a boarding school in the neighborhood of the Kent road, of the starvation system that was pursued towards his daughter. "She is not more than half fed," said the father. "And what could you expect?" asked the *governess*, when you sent her to my school as a *half-boarder*." This reminds us of the question of a child, who when she heard that some person had gone into half mourning, asked if any person was half dead.—*London paper.*

IF YOU EVER NOTICED IT.—A young buck who had been living in Boston, in a counting-house, for a length of time, behaved so unruly that his master sent him home. On returning to his father's house, he was directed to take off his rattle traps and gewgaws, and go to work on the farm. "Why, father, I have been to Boston, if you ever noticed it." "Well, then, it is my orders that you now go to work, if you ever noticed it." "I don't want to." "Well, if you don't I'll give you a *licking*." Here the boy drew himself up into a consequential posture, folding his arms—"Father, I don't care for you, if you ever noticed it." "That," says the father, "*I noticed sometime ago.*"

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Friday last, as four men were sheep-shearing at Radford, the seat of J. Harris, Esq. they discovered a bird's nest completely imbedded in the wool on the back of one of the sheep. Not the least doubt is entertained of its having been built there; and, what is the still more extraordinary, the nest had every appearance of the young birds having been hatched and fledged in it. The men suppose it to be a linnet's nest."—*Plymouth Journal.*

HOW TO BECOME AN INDEPENDENT WRITER.—First learn sixteen columns of the Billingsgate Dictionary—and when you know them well by heart, swear you are the best scholar in Europe. Next, get rid of all property and character as quick as possible, for it is evident that a person cannot write impartially on these matters so long as he has himself an *interest* in the question. Wife and children? Never mind that: being *a scholar* and a *gentleman*, the public will not surely allow you to be a *pauper!* Or if it should, then sell yourself to the ——, and be an *independent writer*—*Butler.*

AN IRISH WITNESS.—A magistrate examining an Irishman concerning an affray which took place on board a vessel, asked him what countryman he was. "An Irishman to be sure, sir," was the reply. "Have you ever seen the sea?"—"Have I ever seen the sea, did you say? Faith! does your worship suppose I was *rundled* all the way over the salt ocean in a *wheelbarrow*."

FAIRFIELD RACES.

FALL MEETING,

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day, a colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are ten subscribers, with the best colts in the United States—eight of the ten distinguished winners.

1. David H. Brach enters b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, (late Winfree's.)
2. Wm. R. Johnson enters b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy.
3. Jas. J. Harrison enters Wilkinson's ch. c. by Sir Archy.
4. Wm. M. West enters McGhee's b. c. Sir Walter, (the winner of the Stallion Stakes at Tree Hill,) by Monsieur Tonson.
5. Wm. Wynn enters b. c. Anvil, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. H. Minge enters b. f. Florida, by Contention.
7. Jno. M. Botts enters br. c. Douglass, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Collier.
8. Richard Adams enters b. c. Primera, by Ratler.
9. Henry A. Tayloe enters Cornelia, by Ratler.
10. Jno. Minge enters bl. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur.

Second day, proprietor's purse $300, two mile heats—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse $800, without discount, four mile heats, entrance $20.

Fourth day, a Colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $100 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are four subscribers, namely:

1. Jno. Minge enters Peter Lyon's b. c. by Gohanna.
2. Jno. M. Botts enters ch. f. Barbara, by Gohanna, out of Wild Cat.
3. Thos. Carter enters ch. f. by Hotspur, dam by Jack Andrews.
4. O. P. Hare enters b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, dam Columbia.

Ample accommodations will be provided at the Fairfield Dwelling House.

JNO. MINGE,
RICHARD ADAMS, } Proprietors.
s6

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $30.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $25.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse; entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832. }

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State to be holden on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the city and county of N. York

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several wards of your county, will give notice of the election of four Representatives to Congress, from the third Congressional District; and that forty-two Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in the County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff city and county of N. Y

Miscellaneous.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcellable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding, in the known world, carrying 142 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison Co. GEORGE ERLE,
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Sept. 12, 1832.

N. B. SWEET BRIER, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 6t JAMES MOORE.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 113 Gowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

S. D. CHILDS,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,

97 LIBERTY STREET,
NEW-YORK.

CANES.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty street.

N B Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

---

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the one most favorable that could be selected, or even desired: and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

R. N. WHITE,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD

No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by
s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

PRIZE OFFICE.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 111 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to BIGNALL.

LANSING & MORSE,
ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

175 BROADWAY,
s1 NEW-YORK.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

---

R. H. ELTON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST. NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

---

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages to as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S FRANCIS Book-seller and Stationer No. 252 Broadway.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,

OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this course will take place on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October next, and the immediate patronage of The Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, directed by officers appointed by the members of the Association.

1st day—2 mile heats—purse $300
2d do. 3 do. do. 400
3d do. 3 do. do. 600

A match race, 4 mile heats, between Virginia Taylor and Miss Matty, will go off on the first day, and a sweepstakes for 3 years olds on one of the days, 4 entrances.

From the number of horses in training, very interesting sport is anticipated.

By order of the President. s22

CENTRAL COURSE.

BALTIMORE, MD.—STAKES NOW OPEN.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats—Entrance $100, h. f. to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

LANCASTER, OHIO, RACES.

THERE will be run for over the Lancaster Fairview Course on the 10th 11th 12th and 13th days of October next, the following Races, viz:

1st day, two rounds and repeat, for a purse of $60, for 3 year old colts only.

2 day, 4 miles and repeat, for a purse of $160.

3d day, three miles and repeat, for a handsome purse.

4th day, 2 miles and repeat, for a handsome Sweepstake, free for any horse, mare or gelding carrying weight agreeably to the rules of racing.

Lancaster, Sept. 13, 1832.

LOUISVILLE FALL RACES.

THE Louisville Agricultural Society having been dissolved last fall, a new joint stock company has since been formed, under the name of the "Louisville Association," for the improvement of the breed of horses. The company consists of seventy-five stockholders, each holding one share of $100. A beautiful track of land has been purchased on the Salt river road, one and a half miles from the city of Louisville, on which a running track has been laid off, thirty feet in width and precisely a mile in length, enclosed by a close plank fence eight feet in height, and having a light railing extended round the whole of the inner circuit.

The first fall meeting of the Association will commence on the third Tuesday of October, (23d) and continue five days.

First day, a sweepstakes, one mile heats, $50 entrance; free for any thing.

Second day, Association purse, $600, four mile heats.

Third day, Association purse, $200, two mile heats.

Fourth day, Association purse, $100, three mile heats.

Fifth day, the Association will give a piece of plate of the value of $100, which, with the entrance money will be run for, one mile heats, best three in five.

To increase the sports of the meeting, there will be on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a second race, for purses to be given by the Association; the amount of which, and the distance to be run, will be declared by the Trustees the evening previous. On Tuesday, it is expected, the interesting match race, between the well known Virginia horse, Waxey, and the favorite Kentucky horse, Woodpecker, will be run over the Association course, a single four miles, for $1000 aside. JOHN POE, *Secretary.*

NEWMARKET FALL RACES.

THE Races over this course will take place as usual on the 2d Tuesday in October next, and continue 4 days.

1st Day—A sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 year old; 2 mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; 10 subscribers and closed—viz:

John Minge enters c. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur, dam Sir Henry.
Richard Adams, b. c. Primero, by Ratler.
Abner Robinson, (entry received in time, but mislaid, and will be inserted hereafter.)
Thomas A. Taylor, (do. do. do.
William Wynn, br. c. Anvil, by Tonson, dam Isabella.
W. M. West, Thos. M'Ghee's br. c. Sir Walter by Tonson.
J. J. Harrison, Henry Wilkinson's c. c. Sir Erin, by Archie, dam Ralter.
W. R. Johnson, b. c. Herr Cline, by Archie, dam Gallatin.
J. M. Botts, b. c. Damon, by Gohanna.
D. H. Brauch, b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, dam Florizel.

2d Day—Proprietors Purse; $300, two mile heats—entrance $15.

3d Day—Jockey Club Purse $600—4 mile heats—entrance $20.

4th Day—Proprietor's Purse $250—two mile heats—entrance $15.

The proprietor will only remark that, from the above show, the racing here must be very interesting, particularly the sweepstake. The colts entered are some of the most promising in the United States, and most of them, if not the whole, are expected to run.

Suitable accommodations will be made for the Racers and Visiters. O. P. HARE,
Sept. 15, 1832 Proprietor.

CHRISTIANSVILLE RACES.

THE race over the Christiansville Course will commence on Tuesday, 6th day of November next, and continue five days.

First day—Proprietor's purse, $200, two mile heats. Entrance $15.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, $300, 3 mile heats. Entrance $20.

Third day—Bal. Jockey Club Subscription, mile heats. Entrance $15.

Fourth day—Handicap Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Entrance $15, to be added to purse.

Fifth day—A colt race, $100 entrance, mile heats—3 or more to make a race; subscription closed on the evening preceding first day's race. Also a saddle race, and gate money of that day, free for any horse that has never won a purse of $10. Entrance money hung up without discount.

The proprietor would inform the amateurs of the turf, (as his tract is new) that he has spared neither pains nor money in rendering the whole convenient and comfortable. To the public he would say, his accommodations are large.

RICHARD C. FURYEAR, Proprietor.
September 25, 1832

NASHVILLE FALL RACES.

SIX days running commence on Monday the 8th day of October next, with a sweepstake race, 8 subscribers. $500 is proposed as an inside stake on the four mile day; and $300 on the colt day—mile heats. The two propositions to close on the 1st day of October.

We will have the finest sport, from the present appearances, that ever was over the turf. All accommodations for horses and sportsmen

P. W. LONG

Sporting Stores.

HINTON'S

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, silk, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

SPORTING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters, percussion caps and filters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps, bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags, leather and mahogany gun cases, cleaning rods with all the necessary implements, dog chains, collars, and coats, percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and cotton twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c &c composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. That locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Sturgeon Nets; patent India grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS.

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

☞ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Dispargers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 295 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he has now on hand a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Fickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS.

☞ Wall street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

. VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE.

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Amusements, &c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, CARS, AND RAIL-ROAD.

WM. NIBLO respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting in full operation around the South Garden, the beautiful little Engine called the NOVELTY, made expressly for exhibition, together with Cars, which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail-Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of action, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any compulsive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechanism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epidemic.*

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of these flying machines in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place examen on the battle-ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail-Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price. s29

PEALE'S MUSEUM

AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,

Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

THIS favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit.

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum, would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

PAINTED by Rembrandt Peale is now open for exhibition and sale at the Rooms (late Athenæum) corner of Broadway and Prince st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Porteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—23 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either to deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia $10, (alarm of yellow fever); New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152; Charleston 1099; Savannah 500; Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction, having been often enquired for; and a new generation has since grown up whose curiosity may be gratified in the contemplation of it.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,

JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—1f

---

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mrs. LAWRENCE STILEMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing.*

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight keyed Flutes, Accordions, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

WATERING PLACE.

No 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of the establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establisiment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William street New York.

Miscellaneous.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

STATIONERY, &c.

WILLI